

Anniversary Number of the War Cry



1899

900.
OFFICERS
2.700
LOCAL OFFICERS
450000
INDOOR ATTENDANCE.
PER WEEK

12
MEN'S
SHELTERS



J.E. Laughlin '99

Collingwood AND ITS CRUSADERS

COLLINGWOOD is a pretty situated town of about 6,000 inhabitants at the foot of the Blue Mountains, on the Southern side of that portion of the Georgian Bay called Nottawasagan Bay. It is the principal, or one of the principal ports on the Georgian Bay. The chief industries of the town lie in the direction of the lake, that is to say, fishing, sailing, ship-building, etc. Mostly every other man you meet on the streets can either handle a tiler, mend a net, or trim a sail. The line of boats that run into the port are second to none on the inland waters. They are fitted up with all the most modern conveniences for passengers, besides having a carrying capacity for freight of about 100 to 1,000 tons.

The fishing industry, although not carried on to so great an extent as it was formerly, is still a flourishing business, and some of the fishermen own some of the best property and finest residences in the town. These men own small steamboats, or rather they are termed tugs. They go up the lake and bay, or else have a gang of fishermen themselves, and bring the fish to the large storehouses of this port, where they pack the fish in ice and ship them from thence all over Canada and the United States.

Other Industries.

I want to here state that it is not an unusual thing to see an S. A. gunnery crop up among this class of people, and prominent among them we might mention Bro. W. Clark, the agent for the Wolverine Fish Co. of New York, at this port. God bless Billy, who has been a soldier of this corps for fifteen years. The readers of the War Cry must pardon me if I bring in another name here, and yet it is with much thought and care. I mention Mother Clark, the Sergeant-Major of the corps. My heart warms up when I think of the terrific odds she has faced for God and the S. A., of the attitude her victories all to her reliance on God's word and her firm belief in the power of prayer. Not a woman in the country has lived more on her knees than Mother. May she be long spared to God and the S. A. in this place.

Another of the industries of the town is the Collingwood Meat Co., which manufactures (packs) pork of every kind. This institution employs 50 men, and very prominent among these we place the Secretary of the corps, J. Woodyard, who, since coming to this town, four years ago, has been a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Bro. W. Steel, who is preparing for the Field, also works in this establishment; but I suppose the Army will hear from him later when he has some higher degree attained to his name.

We might also mention that a lot of unsaved young men, who are a great financial support to the Army in this place, work in this establishment.

There are also two of the largest planing mills you can find anywhere in this town. They employ in the neighborhood of 50 men each, and do a very large shipping business up the lakes, some of the very finest work you can find anywhere in Canada being turned out and shipped up there by them.

I might also mention a very large tannery and large biscuit works that em-

ploy a large number of men the year round.

Collingwood is also noted for its sawdusts, there being miles of Grano-litic walks in this town, and scarcely a street without a good cement sidewalk on it. The town also owns their own water works and electric light plants, and furnishes the same at moderate rates. I might here also mention some of Collingwood's wealthiest people, but I will confine myself to one or two of the business men. I suppose S. A. and foremost I must mention Lang Bros., some of, if not the wealthiest men of the town. They run a large Departmental Store, and you can purchase anything, as the saying goes, from a needle to an anchor, in their place of business, and as cheaply as you can at S. A.'s in Toronto. Stephens Bros. is another very wealthy departmental store, and I think as good as any in Canada. Telfer Bros. are also a very large firm, wholesale grocers and confectioners; they do an exceedingly large business with the neighboring towns in their line. But I think I have said enough relative to business men and places in this town, and will wind up my account of Collingwood by saying we have the regulation number of churches usually found in towns of this size, and also the S. A., and any on visiting our town would find that they are not dead, but with their very prominent officers, Captain Wilson and Lieut. Liddard, are here marching on to victory through the Blood of the Lamb.

The Local Corps.

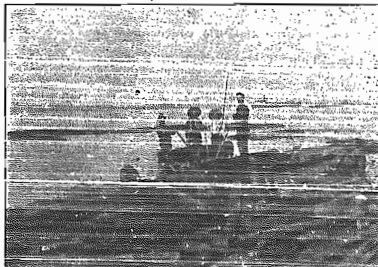
Some fifteen years ago the S. A. opened fire on this town, and, as in other towns, people crowded round to see what kind of people they were, but as the writer of old has expressed himself, "Those who came to scoff remained to pray." A great many congregated around and a very great many prisoners were taken. The question might again be asked, Did all stand true? We regret to say, No; but a great many have done so, and some of this class are valiant soldiers for God at the present moment. Some also have laid down their weapons here and taken up their pain or victory on wounds, where they now sing the songs of the redeemed in Glory, who have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.

Some one might probably say, Well, is the fight still raging? We say, Yes. Hallelujah! And sometimes one would think that all the powers of earth and hell were congregated to disturb the equilibrium of God's chosen few. Yet in the name of the King we can march on to victory.

May I say a word in commendation of our gallant officers. More Godly, self-sacrificing officers never led a meeting, nor took charge of an Army corps, than the two just above mentioned. May the God of peace ever lead them into broader and deeper depths of love.



Honora Village, Outpost of Little Current Corps.



River Drifters, Georgian Bay.



Notes of Victory and Blessing Gathered from My Correspondence and Other Sources.

By MRS. READ.

I have often thought Mrs. Browning's little poem, "Sweetest Lives," describes the beautiful devotion of the warriors of the Cross—the Rescue Officers who toll so faithfully within the precincts of our Homes for the uplifting of sorrowful womanhood.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed.

Whose deeds, both great and small, Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread, Whose love ennobles all.

The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells:

The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes,

After its own life working. A child's kiss

Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;

A poor one served by thee shall make thee rich,

A sick one helped by thee shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense

Of service which thou renderest.

I have just paid a short visit to London. Have been delighted with the news of victory dear Staff-Capt. Cowan had to tell me. The Sunday

previous to my visit, eight of the girls volunteered to give their hearts to Jesus. This splendid manifestation of the Spirit's presence is a direct answer to prayer, and we give God the glory for His saving power as it is continually evidenced behind the scenes in our Rescue Homes. I conducted a meeting, and out of 16 present 13 girls professed to have found Jesus.

Adj. Holman, in a little note, says, "On the whole we are getting on well, and I am believing for greater victory. The Lord is good to us. We have 13 girls and 13 children. The girls are agreeable and willing to help one another. Several of them are converted and are getting along nicely."

Some of the little ones for whom we have secured Christian homes have been a real comfort and blessing. One foster parent writes: "I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you

know how the little girl is getting along. She is well and doing well, and growing fast. We like her better every day. My husband thinks there is no child like her. I am glad Jesus is helping us all. Did I tell you my husband gave him bread to Jesus, and is living for Him now? The little girl goes to church every Sunday I am able to go; if I do not go she goes with her papa."

"We thank the friend who sent the following: "As the dear Lord has denied me children of my own, I am enclosing \$5 towards helping the little motherless ones in your Home. I will send you more later on.—A friend."

I am quoting from a pathetic letter received recently from one of the dear girls, who has been an inmate of one of our Rescue Homes: "Dear Mrs. Read, I have been going to write you many times ere this, but I have not found time to do so. I would like to thank you for the many times of special help and blessing you have been to me. And now I have to say my life was not worth living. Perhaps you know that I was one of the many Rescue Home cases. I thank God for the Rescue Home. Had there not been places I might today have been completely in the gutter. As it was I had wrought sadness and sorrow enough, not only to my own life, but my dear mother's heart. Not knowing where to send me for the time, in my shame and disgrace, a friend told me of the Army Home, where they willingly took me in and did their best for me. I can never thank God enough for those ten long months I spent there. It was in a little bedroom I was able to find one evening that God spoke peace to my soul. I shall never forget it, nor will I fail, by God's help, to not only speak out my thanks to Him, but by my own sisters shall know me.

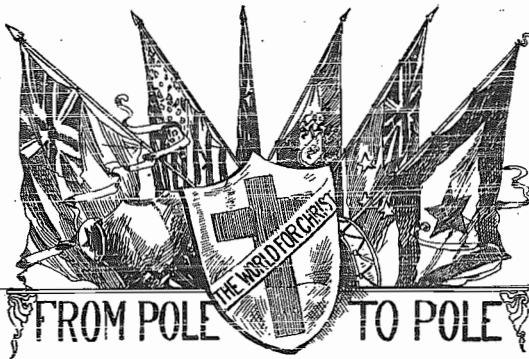
"While listening to you speak at the Rescue Anniversary of the many cases you knew of, it made me think of the past. It is two years ago this January since I got saved. Since then I have been at least part of the time at the Army Home, in a good situation getting \$9 a month. God is making me a blessing to my unsaved brothers and sisters, and also to the people where I work. I am glad I can report victory in my own soul over sin and the devil. These two years of happiness and peace I would not give up for all the world and its pleasures. I never dreamed I could be so; but, thank God, I believe He is going to do greater things for me in the future."

I spent a few hours in the Hamilton Home recently, and was delighted with the aspect of everything. The girls seemed so happy, and so joined heartily in the service I had the privilege of leading.

BARBIE.—Good time at the farewell of Adj. Cameron, last Saturday, Sunday and Monday. It was your humble servant's privilege to be here as a spectator. Sunday was very wet and unpleasant, but with it good crowds came out to say farewell to their faithful officer, who for some eight months has fought a good fight in Barbie. His different talks to the people were very sincere and impressive. On Monday was the climax. The J. S. Jubilee, managed and got up by Sec. Lane, was beautiful. Took like hot cakes. The children's songs, drills, etc., were very interesting and creditable to the Secretary, who spent much time in preparing for them. We had some beautiful musical selections, but the most interesting feature of all was by Capt. Lewis, entitled "Only a Drump." The Captain was dressed very suitably for the occasion and made a very attractive. Some ten dollars were taken at the door, and a general good time was had. Capt. Lewis farewells in two weeks.—W. G. W.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The September number of the All the World, Deliverer, Musical Salvationist, Officer, and Local Officer were lost in the S. S. Scotsman off the Newfoundland coast. Will subscribers please patiently wait till a new consignment arrives?



FROM POLE TO POLE

THE BRITISH ISLES.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The General led some tremendous meetings in the Empire Theatre, Bristol, and saw 130 souls at the Cross.

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On the Clapton Harvest Festival Sunday, the collections for the day amounted to \$540.00. 36 souls were saved.

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Colonels Rothwell, Endle and Hodder, Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay and Brigadiers Rees and Jeffries are under farewell orders.

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The Chief of the Staff, on a recent Tuesday, gave the Cadets now in training four addresses, and it was a day of deep realization of Divine things, inspiration and encouragement. This is the verdict of the Training Home Staff. The Chief himself was very much strengthened in his hopes for the future by the spirit and zeal of the Cadets.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander's Half-Night of Prayer at New York was crowned with success. Twenty-one publicly consecrated themselves.

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Much satisfaction is expressed by the Press of Philadelphia over the favorable decision handed down by Judge McCarty on the recent prosecution of the Army officers and soldiers.

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Brigadier Addie, Major Dublin, Major Ludgate and Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams, Potter, McDouall and Anderson are farewell.

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It is expected that more Cadets will enter the Training Homes in Chicago next session from the North-West than has entered any session up to date.

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The following clipping was taken from a Rockford, Ill., daily paper: "The local Salvation Army was highly complimented last night by a visitor in the city, stopping at one of the hotels. As the organization passed the house, drums and horns playing, members walking with strong cadence and in perfect alignment, the stranger said 'Well, if there is not about the best Salvation turnout I have ever seen! Just watch them march—like veterans of the Civil War. Good lines, perfect step and vinegar ad through the line. Their music is tip-top, not that snare-drummer wants to march on the right side, instead of the left. Bass drum belongs to the left-hand side of a parade. That boy will make a drummer some day—and he's left-handed at that. The singing and music is good—very good, and watch them march. Never saw anything like it before. Not the bands in a New Yorker. It's the best turnout I ever saw of the kind, sure. Just like regulars.' Other hearers believed as did the stranger, for the column last evening was exceptionally good."

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Major B. B. Cox is going to England to furlough.

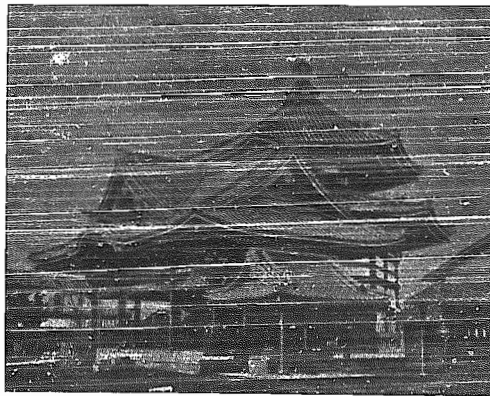
The Annual Rescue Report is now in circulation. It contains much valuable information of work in South Africa during the past year.

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The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Brigadier Maidment have left Cape Town for their Special Appeal tour at Swartland, Montague and Robertson. Reports from the two latter places are encouraging.

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Brigadier Rauch is arranging for a Social meeting to be held at the Wesleyan Church, Simon's Town. The



Hectagonal Temple, Kiotu, Japan.

minister of the church has promised his hearty co-operation.

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The Cape Argus, in a recent leaderette on the Labor Question, remarks that large numbers of men are sent daily to the Salvation Army Metropole for shelter and meals, and adds: "But for the Salvation Army the position would be far worse than this is."

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A correspondent in the Diamond Fields Free Press suggests, as a counterblast to the cables daily appearing in the Jinjo Press, the inscription of the following: "London, 18th August, 5 a.m.—Five thousand Salvationists, with fifty drums, fifty tambourines, and one hundred and fifty concertinas are ready to embark at a moment's notice. This it is believed, will obviate the necessity of sending the troops."

GERMANY.

Many letters of appreciation and substantial donations have been received by Commissioner McKie regarding his scheme to fit up a Metropole for single girls—a sort of cheap, clean home for respectable working girls.

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The Berlin "Morgenpost" writes: "To-day the Salvation Army in Berlin has twenty-two halls at its disposal,

where six years ago they could secure only two. They have also accomplished much that is praiseworthy in the Social field; they conduct in the city one Children's Home, one Maternity Hospital, and their district nursing from the seven Samaritan stations has met with great success.

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An excellent singing Brigade has been organized in Berlin, which consists of some good instrumentalists, among them predominate the violin and guitar. They are meeting with tremendous success.

JAPAN.

Major Duce, in a letter to I. H. Q., speaks of the burning of the Yokohama barracks thus:

"Last Sunday night I was in a little place four miles from Yokohama putting in a bit of rest. About 9 o'clock there was an alarm of fire, and I saw from the window the reflection of what appeared to be a large house on fire close at hand. I turned out just as I was, with only a kimono on, and, without hat, jumping into my gets (wooden shoes). I ran up the hill, and on and on till I came to Yokohama. There I saw a tremendous fire in full blaze, a fire that eventually destroyed 3,200 dwelling-houses (or over 16,550 structures, including store-houses, etc.), and caused the death of quite a number of people.

"Three-parts of the most thickly-populated districts in Yokohama was completely burned out, including the celebrated Theatre Street, one of the sights of Yokohama. Altogether, this is the largest fire that Yokohama has ever

sharpened long knives. The first was to be the instrument of a suicide, the two others were to accomplish a vengeance.

BELGIUM and HOLLAND.

The Marchale has conducted a series of special meetings in Arrisben, Zaan-dam and Herlem. Everywhere attentive crowds eagerly listened to her.

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At Wusmes (Belgium), a village of the mining district, Commissioner Booth-Clibborn led a large open-air meeting. Great crowds attended, and a great many at the close of the meeting were kneeling at the penitent form.

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Baron Van Heeslustra gave the Marchale permission to hold an open-air meeting in the beautiful part of Buttepost. The Baroness was delighted to cater to the Marchale, whose Dutch songs produced a powerful impression during the meeting.

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Captain Cornil died after a long and painful illness. The funeral service made a strong impression all over the country, and a great crowd of people attended. Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, Colonel Brewer, of the U. S. Headquarters, and the old veteran, Major Schoch, were at the funeral.

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Colonel Brewer was warmly and enthusiastically welcomed in Rotterdam, where he accompanied Commissioner Booth-Clibborn.

Port Simpson's Dispatch to the General.

(From the latest English War Cry.)

Dear, beloved General,—I have been requested by the two Chiefs and the Indians of the Zimshian tribe who belong to the Salvation Army, to send you thanks for sending them officers to help and bless them. They have been praying for years for you to send officers, and their joy is full now that we have arrived.

They have suffered lots of persecution and opposition at the hands of those who should have known better, but, like true warriors, they have patiently endured, and have gone on doing their best to get those of their tribe converted, and I notice that it is spreading among others too.

During this last week the Indians have been returning from the fishing grounds, and this is a centre point for them to collect before going to their different villages. Being a Hudson Bay port they come to get their supplies, and we have had a good chance in having them in our meetings. "Three bars" been erected, which is cheering for a start, as we only got here on the 8th instant. They have got a good barracks of their own, twenty-six by forty-five feet, lumber, and inside, lots of good notions on the wall, with a life-size photo of yourself at one end. It is a real typical Salvation Army barracks, and a real credit to the Indians.

The Government agent speaks very highly of them, and says that the young men who gave them trouble have been converted and are doing well. This in itself is a fine testimony to the good work which has been done by them. They are first-rate singers by heart, and pray second to none, and testify and pray second to none. They have a brass band, but most of the bandmen are fishing on the Fraser River, and are not home yet. We had them in Vancouver on Sunday, July 22nd, when Colonel Jacobs was there. Ensign Thorikildsen is with me. He was once a marine in the Danish Navy and his knowledge of seamanship will be useful, as our travelling will be by water. We send our love to you. You can depend on us as being true to the principles of the Army. You will know the writer as the one who looked after your cub in Winnipeg, Manitoba, last year. God bless you richly.

Yours very affectionately,
(Signed) Robert Smith, Adj.

Religion lays not an icy hand on the true joys of life.

known, and will mean a tremendous loss to the insurance companies. We also share in the loss, as one of our barracks was completely destroyed our Captain and his wife and their two young children were away resting, so that they escaped bodily harm; but they have lost most of their things. The same night there was an even larger fire at another large city in Japan called Yoyama. "This fire lasted two hours, burned up forty-nine streets, including 8,000 houses, and left three-tenths of the city standing. "Japan is not without its dangers, typhoons, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions."

FRANCE

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, who injured his right foot some months ago, is not yet quite well. He has been obliged to go to England to follow a special treatment for a few weeks.

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Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg has organized a special stinging brigade with which she visits the different corps of Paris.

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Blessed and practical work of the Army—in one week, in two of our halls in Paris, were deposited on the penitent form a revolver and two well-

KLONDIKE NEWS

By ADJT. FRANK MORRIS.

Three souls Sunday night. Hallelujah! On to the north during the week. One splendid case knelt in the drum-head in the street—a backslider. Is going to be a soldier.

Open-airs are still wonderful in every respect. Oh, what an opportunity we have in donning with the crowds who listen, notwithstanding counter attractions.

Winter again is nearly upon us. Weeks ago (in the mornings) did we see the first ice.

We parted with another devoted comrade, Sergt. Annie Hogue, this week, who has gone to Wrangle. Look out for her, Adj. Smith, and give her a good welcome.

Our days are now shortening up pretty fast. The Northern Lights can again be seen in great splendour.

Sergt. Major Muir collected, near where he is working, \$109 for H. F., which we all concluded was very good. The lieutenant heads the list with \$102, which is excellent. All the forces combined helped the Klondike to reach \$455, which will help to roll the old chariot along.

Capt. LeCocq and myself have been busy cutting the walls this week to keep Jack Frost from poking in his unsightly nose. Captain Kenney has been swinging the whitewash brush in the Shelter, and things look a good deal brighter.

Rev. Dr. Grant left this vicinity this week. He will call upon the Commissioner, when in Toronto. He has been a very active worker in Dawson. (The Salvation Army was represented at his farewell meeting by Adj. Morris.—Ed.)

There is one thing can be said of the religious organizations in Dawson, as a distinguished orator said, "But all that though we labor in different fields, the fences are very low." Praise God for that.

The Conversion of a Confucianist.

Rev. William Cooper related this account of a remarkable case, in which a learned Confucianist was led to Christ.

He was a Confucianist, and very proud of his knowledge. He had been a student of the classics for over thirty years; he was a graduate, and was preparing to take the higher examination with a view to becoming a mandarin.

He was the owner of the ground in a certain village, and when he heard that the people were accepting the truths of the Gospel he was very indignant. He sent threatening messages to them, telling them if they did not give up this foreign religion, he would deal with them very sharply.

When about to take a journey to the district to receive his rents, he sent a

messanger—one of his own family—on before to tell the people that he was coming in three weeks' time, and he would give them that three weeks to close the services and return to the religion of their fathers. If they would not all consent he would deter them from the place.

The messenger came and delivered the master's message, but the Christians said, "Oh, no, we won't do what he is talking about. If he could only know what this Gospel is, he would accept it, too. But tell us what about yourself?" And they sat down and talked to the messenger, and spent half the night in talking and praying with him, and in less than a week he became a convert.

At the end of three weeks the messenger went out to meet his master, and the first question asked of him was: "What are the Christians going to do?"

The reply was, "Do not say a word about them; they are all right."

"What?"

"They have got the truth and we have got the lie."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Have they not accepted?"

"Not one of them, and they won't." He was very angry at this. "I will see whether they will recant when I get there."

"Wait till you hear the Gospel for yourself," said the messenger. The Confucianist went on to the village, and was very, very angry. He went to stay in the house of one of his tenants, a farmer, and he said, after the evening meal was over, "What are the Christians doing by the yard? But the man in whose house he was staying was a very remarkable man and was able to give him all his arguments.

He had been a Confucianist in his younger days, and after the T'ai-p'ing rebellion broke out, he served for many years in the army. After that he went to farming.

He talked to this proud Confucianist, and said, "It is all very well, great teacher, to come and talk in this way to us. Confucius was a good man, but he reaches? Confucius can teach you many things, but he can not save you. This Jesus Whom we preach, and in Whom we believe, died on the cross for our sins, and He rose again from the dead, and He is coming again; and He lives at God's right hand to save us, and He does save us from our sin."

He went on talking till after midnight, and that talking went away to his bed feeling very unhappy. These Christians he was among had all forsaken their ancestral tablets.

He stayed there for two or three days, and then it came around to be Lord's day. He went to church in the habit of meeting in this man's house for worship, as they had no church in the village at the commencement of the work. They thought that if he used for worship the landlord would scatter them. He said, "I will stay and see what you do." And he saw this poor, despised man who ploughed his fields conduct that worship. He heard him explain words of Scripture, and he said, "I cannot understand this. You are an ignorant man, compared to what I am; how is it you can talk like that about this Jesus?"

"Oh," said he, "it is all owing to the grace of God."

The Confucianist took the New Testament, but saw nothing in it, and put it away. He had been looking for another book which was lying on the table in his friend's house. It was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," translated by William Burns, and after he had read the preface and first chapter, he said, "I have been puzzled by this as faithfully as if I had been photographed. I see myself to be the man with the burden of sin, living in the City of Destruction," and the tears came down his face, and he was streaming down his face, and the poor Confucianist bowed down before this poor man, Mr. Jiang, and said:

"I have been a student of the Confucian classics for thirty-three years, and I have been studying very hard, but I have not learned, but yours is great."

The Christians gathered around him; they loved him very much in spite of all his previous opposition. They spent much of their afternoon and evening in reading and praying, and the scholar entered into the joy and peace of believing—Millions.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY CANADA.

No. 47. Headquarters, 15 Bache Street, Toronto, Can.

TORONTO, ONT., SEP. 14th 1902.

Published for one year for \$6.00. Paid in 3 installments.

THE General's Letter

SOLDIERS

SALVATION ARMY

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Weekly Watchword:

The Sacred Service of Sorrow.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

God's Rod a Reason for Rejoicing.—
Job v. 17.

To be corrected by God is better than to be praised by man. Although, as the Apostle reminds us, "No chastening for the time being seemeth pleasant," punishment patiently borne is a sure path to peace. Affliction is very often the sign of God's favor and not the manifestation of His displeasure.

MONDAY.

To the Valley of His Chastening.—
Jonah ii. 4.

Such times come to all God's children, and they are hard to flesh and blood. The sunshine is so much sweeter than the darkness, and it is so infinitely easier to find His providence in pleasant things than in painful; yet clouds to peer through and waters to wade through, if they be according to His will, and not the outcome of our own wilfulness, will heal far more than they will wound.

TUESDAY.

Trouble Forces the Soul upon God.—
Psalm lxi. 2.

Sorrow is necessary to the soul, because it teaches us our need of Divine support and help. Hundreds have been awakened to a craving after heavenly satisfaction by a failure in earthly joys. The saint who knows most of the sweetness of God's presence and the power of His hand, is frequently the saint who has suffered most.

WEDNESDAY.

Misfortune Is Often the Hand of Blessing.—
Luke v. 5.

The fishermen's sole means of livelihood seemed suddenly to fail. Beggary, starvation stared them in the face. Yet, had they not been reduced to this extremity, they would never have seen the miracle of plenty which the Master's pity for them performed. It is very often at the end of our resources we come upon God's supplies.

THURSDAY.

God's Hand Most Plainly Felt and Seen in the Griets of the Righteous.—
Isaiah li. 10.

If only for the sake of the example to the world, the Christian should rejoice in his crosses. The still way of peace which God's hand prepares in the midst of the righteous' woes is a wonder to the worldling and the most powerful inducement to faith in the promised presence of Jehovah.



THE TWELVE DISCIPLES CHOSEN.

Mark iii. 6-19.

Jesus was both popular and in danger when He called together His first disciples.

The fame of His wondrous miracles and powerful, direct preaching attracted huge crowds, who travelled long distances to see and hear the Master. Many of those who came were further convinced by the healing exercised on their behalf, or on that of their friends; others were laid hold of by the simple, yet Divine, beauty of the truths He taught, and all were more or less impressed.

Yet, at the same time, an element of danger was making itself more markedly felt in the surroundings of the Master. Already those old hypocrites, the Pharisees, had detected how strongly His uncompromising arguments told against their white-washed profession, and they had set about defending their own unrighteousness by assailing His purity. The Pharisees stirred up the Herodians, another unscrupulous sect, who, acting as persistent spies, sought continual opportunity for getting the Lord to commit Himself in the eyes of the Jewish law. Even thus early these men's murderous hearts had planned His destruction.

It was to the glories, privations and perils of such a life as His that Christ called and consecrated His twelve disciples. They would understand and except that while they shared the repute of the Great Teacher Who ennobled their own characters in the midst of shame, with equal certainty they would participate in the dangers which dogged His sacred footsteps.

In the narrative little more than the names of the twelve are given, but from other references we find one or two facts which are of the utmost importance and interest to us as the latter-day followers of the Master.

They were nearly all poor men. They belonged, with about two exceptions, to the lower working class. They were accustomed to hard toil, to some want, and to next to no luxuries. But the Gospel which Christ brought to the world is preached as effectively by a fisherman as by a financial king. Sincerity and not society gives the entre into His troops.

They were more than poor; they were ignorant. In several places we are struck with the lack of understanding they showed. Very little earthly knowledge had fallen to their share, and they seemed exceptionally slow to take in the designs of their Leader. Yet with infinite patience and love the Saviour bore with their slowness and shortcomings, and taught and trained them. This should encourage all who feel themselves gullible of His grace, to submit themselves to His will.

But they were wholeheartedly given up to the cause of their Lord, and they loved Him with all their heart. This made up for all other deficiencies and was the great essential. It is so still.



THE CALLING OF ST. MATTHEW.

THE FINDING OF THE LOST.

There is one Department of the Salvation Army the work of which is little known, and yet innumerable parents, husbands, children, brothers and sisters have been made happy by its labors; we refer to the Inquirers' Department, which has branches in nearly all civilized countries. The Canadian branch is in charge of Mrs. Major Smeeton.

We do not desire to tire our readers with a row of figures, but an extract from a leading Chicago newspaper will doubtless prove very interesting reading, as well as increase the practical interest taken in this branch of S. A. work by soldiers and friends. We take this opportunity to ask our readers for a regular perusal of the Missing Column which appears weekly in our pages.



Mrs. Major Smeeton.

The Chicago Times-Herald writes as follows:

"The Salvation Army finds missing sons, daughters, wives, husbands, fathers, and mothers every year to the number of many thousands, and uses its offices to restore them to the homes from which they have wandered. What detective agency is there in the world which can truthfully say to its patrons, 'We have trained men, willing workers, in seven thousand cities, towns, and villages in the world?' In the finding of the lost ones the Salvation Army is, to all intents and purposes, an army of detectives, and its members are to be found in almost every place of any prominence in the civilized world. Any person who has lost a friend or a relative may use this agency for his finding free of charge, the good that has been accomplished through the restoration being, in the Salvationists' minds, recompense enough for any trouble or expense.

"Romances by the score have been turned to the light by those of the Army who do special work. It is to look after this human lost-and-found department. The main headquarters for the United States are in the East, but every Salvation post in the world is an agency. Major Alexander M. Damon looks after such matters in Chicago. Some of the experiences which he and his helpers have had are interesting to a degree. Six weeks ago a stranger, whose card, dropped upon Major Damon's desk, showed that he was a man of large business concerns in Boston, sank into a chair at the Salvationists' elbow, and said abruptly, 'I want you to find someone for me.'

"I am willing to do what I can always. Tell me about it," was the reply.

"Well, six months ago I had in my employ a young man named Charles Nelson. He was a faithful, willing fellow, and during the year he worked for me I had no fault whatever to find in him. One day he disappeared mysteriously; none of his friends knew where he was gone; none could give any reason for his leaving. I took enough interest in him to employ a detective to look him up. He found no trace. Nelson had done nothing which should have caused him to disappear, being absolutely honest in his business dealings, and, as far as I knew, 'disappeared' in all his other relations in life as well. Mrs. Nelson has been left a legacy of \$30,000 under the supervision of a distant relative, and to continue matters further, he has been

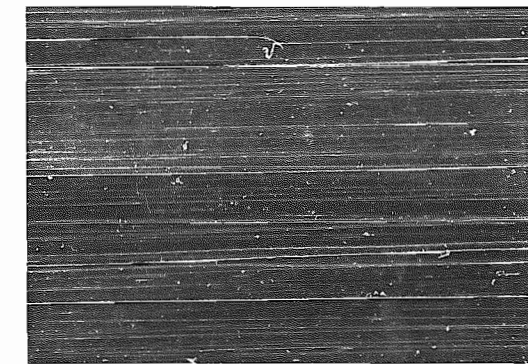
named as the executor of the estate, and the other heirs can get nothing until he has been turned up or proved dead.

"I was obliged to come to Chicago on business, and here I first learned of the lost-and-found work of the Salvation Army. Please see what you can do in the matter."

"The call of the Boston man on Major Damon was made six weeks ago. The machinery of the Chicago office and of the other offices was put in motion, and last week Charles Nelson, found by the red-jerseyed detectives, passed through Chicago to claim his eastern inheritance. Singularly enough, this man of a 'mysterious disappearance case' was found working on one of the Salvation Army's Colorado Colony Farms.

Major Damon, of the Chicago Headquarters, shortly before coming here, found a man in Massachusetts, and restored him to his friends twelve thousand miles away. This was a case of a search that extended, taking in both directions, entirely round the world. Major Damon was simply the last link in this 'seek-and-find' chain, for he was stationed near the place where the missing one has been located.

"An anxious Australian mother, and other relatives wished to find her son who had wandered she knew not whither, but who carried with him wherever he went a burden of mother-love. The Australian Salvationists did what they could, and finally discovered that the lad had gone to New Zealand. Army members then, after a protracted bit of detective work, found out that the boy had taken passage long before for the United States. The Army did not let distance appal it, and that son of a widowed mother was traced town by town through the States to Gloucester (Mass.). The nearest Army Headquarters to Gloucester are those at Ipswich, where Major Damon was stationed. Salvation Army members in the big fisheries town were communicated with, and through their efforts the boy, who was heedless ra-



ther than wicked, was put in communication with his mother in the Antipodes, and before long was led to make his way back to her like the penitent prodigal that he was."

Yarmouth District.

Every corps in the Yarmouth District has been visited by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor recently, with good results. Interest, income and attendance good. Soldiers inspired and souls saved.

BEAR RIVER.—Few places can boast of more beautiful scenery than this quiet little town, nestled between the hills, which rise hundreds of feet high, on either side of the river. When the tide is in large ocean vessels come up as far as the town. When the tide is out there is but a bare, sandy river bed, with a little stream, ankle deep, flowing through it.

The vessels resting on the sandy bottom look strange indeed to one not accustomed to the great rise and fall



S. A. Barracks, Fairville, N. B.

of the tide. This has its advantages too, obviating the necessity of a dry dock for repairs.

II. F. week-end was spent in this place. Capt. Mutiart, and his whole-hearted band of Junior and Senior workers had the barracks, which was filled at almost every meeting, tastefully decorated. Three souls sought salvation, and one the blessing of a clean heart. II. F. target smashed.

ANNAPOLIS.—This is an old corps of Mrs. Taylor's, and many old comrades were glad to see her again.

The splendid turnout of young people in the open-air and on the platform was an inspiration. The barracks has been newly painted, and is a credit to the place. H. F. splendid success. Target broken, and buried by one-fourth.

No doubt Ensign Ebsary and Capt. Clark, who are being appointed to take command here, will reap a harvest of souls.

YARMOUTH. Ensign Parsons met us, smiling over the success of his H. F. sale the previous night. A great crowd listened in the open-air, and a powerful meeting followed. The II. F. target has since been hit, the beautiful sum of \$150 being raised, and the Juniors have the honor of doing a splendid stroke towards it.

FREEPORT was visited on the return trip from Yarmouth. Many of the soldiers were away on vessels fighting, nevertheless, a good meeting was

held in the newly-renovated barracks, which, with its new chairs, etc., reflects much credit on the officers and soldiers.—L. E. T.

Major Pickering Visits Yarmouth and Bear River

"Struck by lightning, and what came of it."

"The cause of a rainy day."

"The witness box."

"A suicide's confession."

These are some of the subjects announced on hand-bills giving the program of Major Pickering's week-end meetings at Yarmouth recently, and anyone who has heard the Major on the platform will know without being told that these subjects in his hands meant an out-of-the-ordinary bill of fare for those privileged to be present.

The Major received a tremendous reception at night, and the meeting was a good start for the campaign. The knee-drill was good, and at 11 a.m. they saw "The two sides of a picture." Result, three seekers.



S. A. Barracks, Annapolis, N.S.

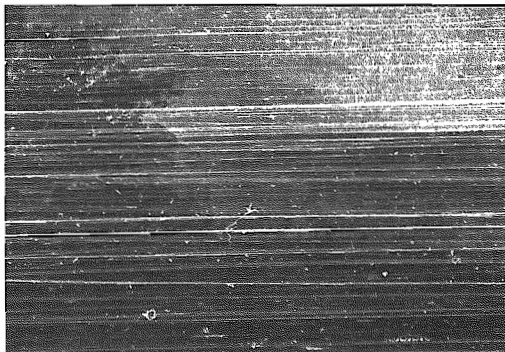
The afternoon meeting was unique and interesting. The "Witness box" idea was carried out, soldiers being questioned as to their salvation, etc. This was followed by a soldiers' meeting, which, like the salvation meeting at night, was simply indescribable. Hearts were melted by the Divine Spirit, and people wept all over the place. The campaign closed at 10 p.m., with a time of rejoicing over five souls at the Cross.

On Monday night the P. O. paid his first visit to BEAR RIVER. A band of soldiers came from Annapolis, and another from Digby. The open-air was good, and the town was stirred.

The crowded barracks presented a splendid sight, and the welcome given the Major most enthusiastic. The Chamberlain, who had visited this corps the Sunday previous, introduced the Major, and referred to the extent and responsibility of his command, and then called upon the Rev. Mr. Johnston (McDonald), who spoke in a very warm-hearted manner, saying how pleased the townspeople were to have the Major in their midst.

The Major then followed with a stirring address and Bible reading, and the meeting closed with one young man seeking Christ.

The more a man denies himself, the more will he receive from heaven.



Bear River, N.S., Scenery.

GAZETTE.

Promotions:—

Cadet Wiseman, St. Johns Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Bird's Island.

Cadet Martha Langford, of Harbor Grace Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant in the East Ontario Province.

Marriage:

Capt. P. W. Dowell, who came out of Little Bay, Nfld., to Capt. M. J. Clark, who came out of Clark's Harbor, Nfld., at London, on Sept. 28th, 1899, by Major Southall.

EVANGELINE C. BOYD,
Field Commissioner.



Our Ebenezer.

Seventeen years ago the Salvation Army in Canada was only known by two lads, "Jack" Addie and "Joe" Ludgate, as they were then called—now they have handles to their names, and are known as Brigadier Addie and Major Ludgate. When these two solitary Salvationists held their first open-air, they little imagined of what a vast organization they were sowing the seed. Subsequent results have proved that much of the seed fell in good ground, and we have to-day corps and officers from Newfoundland and the Bermudas to Dawson City and Victoria, B. C., with many Salvation Light-houses for the Social salvation of humanity's wrecks. Our front page shows the "Now-and-Then" of the Salvation Army, and in the article, "Looking Backward," on this page, we have given a very brief review of our present standing. While we have much reason to congratulate ourselves upon the substantial victories of the past, we especially recognize, with deep and loving gratitude, the excellent and unstinting service which our past Commissioners have given to the cause in this Territory, especially that of the Commandant and the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, our present honored and beloved leader. The Commandant has developed the brain, and Miss Booth is developing the heart of the Salvation Army, to put it in a few words, and so we are going on to perfection. Our critics are occasionally reminding us that we have a few faults yet, to which we are not blind, but we are not unsensitive of the actual work which God has been pleased to accomplish through us, and while we in all humility realize that God is honoring our endeavors to persuade a rebellious world to sue for His peace, we feel that the best way of improvement comes with practice. We become better fighters just as we continue the practice of fighting; we become wiser in the things of eternity just as we continue to toil others of it; we become greater lovers of the poor and wretched as we continue to love them. Therefore, we raise our Ebenezer at this Seventeenth Anniversary, and give glory to God who has helped us so far. After having looked back upon the past seventeen years we set our face toward the future with a determination to let the dawn of the next century see even greater things accomplished for His Kingdom.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

A Cursory Glance at the Work of the Salvation Army in this Territory.

A SALVATIONIST INTERPRETATION

UNDER this title it has pleased some to define themselves retrospectively one hundred years hence, by which date the present-day germs of science, invention and discovery will have evolved into the marvelous and culture which their creators prophesy. And so eventual it is likely to be the next century of grace that the actual chronicles of the future will indeed have brief and brilliant work in adding up the annals of the present past. But the Salvation Army makes history quickly; into its little more than three decades are crowded the happenings of quite double that time, and a look backward over the years till the vista narrows down to its obscure birthplace on Mile End Waste convinces that its longevity is better reckoned by the enormity of its present influence than by the actual age of its institution.

Glorious as is the promise of the future, we have no need to rush there to discover our inspiration—a glance at the blessing-filled past fills the heart with gratitude for the miracles which God hath wrought through our Flag, and fires the spirit with courage for the wonders, which, by His grace, that emblem of love, zeal and cleansing is yet to accomplish in His world.

THEN AND NOW.

Seventeen years since the Salvation Army was known only by hearsay in this Territory—its rock principles and aggressive methods were no more than names little understood or approved of. To-day it would be hard to find a centre of life, from the teeming city to the lonely log camp, where the Army's aim, the Army's work, and the Army's people are not recognized, and to a great extent, admired.

Seventeen years since the small seedling of the Salvation plant was dropped into Ontario soil by two mere boys, on London Market-place. To-day God has so multiplied that humble beginning that its increase serves souls in every Canadian Province, in the Island of Newfoundland, in America's North-Western States, and stretches out into lonely Alaska.

Veterans, who have seen the fight from the first, who have pulled through its hardness and gloried in its victory, tell an inspiring tale of the intervening years. For our purpose, however, that of representing the Army's present position in our midst, we shall gain a quicker and more concise reckoning if we analyse some of the most up-to-date statistics, remembering that if we submit them to a seventeen-year comparison, they are all net increase.

CAPS OFF TO THE COMMISSIONER.

The more than three years of our beloved Field Commissioner's command have been characterized by some of the most rapid and signal advances in the Territory's history. Our leader has stamped her own intrepid individuality upon her people and the prospects of the future; she has organized our new claims, and further organized and cared for existing work; she has enlisted the good will and aid of a widening circle of sympathetic public by word, work, and pen, and she has called forth a devotion in every warrior's heart which pledges itself to follow her most daring plans to their most triumphant conclusion. God bless the Commissioner! During this year she has untiringly spent and been spent in the fight. Although sometimes struggling against much physical inability, she has put in an unusually long list of public appointments, has personally conducted several campaigns by rail and road, and undertaken a flying visit to England to represent the Territory's interests at International Headquarters. As a visible result, our leader has seen the salvation of some hundreds of souls, and the all-round advance of the claims which lie nearest to her heart, and we may add, to ours.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

The Inspiration of the Commissioner.

er's example has been caught by every Provincial Officer, the D. O's have distinguished themselves by desperate endeavors; indeed, the united forces of Staff and Field have never spent a year more marked by unselfishness, devotion and toil, in all of which the rank and file have wholeheartedly joined.

THREE GREAT EFFORTS.

Since last October the Territory has rallied to the summons of three great efforts, two of which have had but bearing upon finance, and one organized solely for spiritual ends.

Self-Denial stands first in order. Self-sacrifice, evidenced in gift and toil, has apparently not lost its attractions for the soldiers of the Flag, for last year's effort realized \$25,785.70.

Harvest Festival, the second great financial focus of the year is dated too late in the year for us to give the latest figures. However, as last year's total was not included in the October's report for the same reason, we may include the previous result, which was \$15,253. Judging by the increased industry and effort expended upon the present Harvest Festival, we may safely conjecture that this year's expression of the Territory's thanksgiving for God's blessing will be even more.

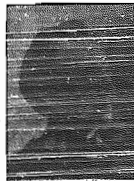
The Siege has for the third time justified its institution. It is spoken of by Field authorities as "the in-



Brigadier Howell,
Pacific Province.



Major McMillan,
North-West Province.



Major Southall,
West Ontario Province.

spiration of the year," and has again shown nobly towards the lining of our penitent forms and the renewing of our Soldiers' Roll. There is no doubt that it is largely owing to this effort that, after making up for all losses, the year shows an increase in our rank and file of 700.

THE UP-GRADE.

Selecting from the collection of this year's statistics one or two representative figures, we feel they justify an overheard opinion that this year was one of the best yet from a spiritual standpoint. During its twelve months our over 900 officers have preached salvation to 6,000,000 listeners in indoor meetings alone, and rallied a total fighting force of 72,000 to proclaim the same theme at the street corners. Visible spiritual results have been the nearly 10,000 persons who have sought God at open penitents' forms. The increasing loyalty and devotion of our soldiery is attested by their weekly offerings—cartridge money being increased by close on \$100 per month.

THE CHILDREN

The resolutions made and regulations formed at last year's onset concerning the development of the children's work have been well carried out. The present moment there is no branch of our warfare which shows a more pleasing retrospect, nor presents a more promising future. This year shows an increase of 1,100 Junior Soldiers, while amongst the Corps Cadets there is a less but more significant advance of 70. These Junior Candidates are proving themselves to have that capacity and spirit which will make them rank as first grade officers when their full marks every month for the answers to their examination papers.

THE WHITE FLAG.

signifying not defeat, but purity, has been carried by the bands of our brave

sisters of the Women's Social over wide fields of need. While maintaining every inch of their merciful work, they have spread their wings over several new claims, which, although we have but space to tabulate in the briefest form, have already histories of blessing far greater than their age. The opening of the Maternity Hospital at St. John, N. B., is one of the principal events of the recent year. The hospital work of this institution, under the patronage of an officer who is also a certificated nurse, has more than proved the need which it met. The Working Women's Home in Montreal was attended with some initial difficulties, but has thus far made for itself a name of blessing in that city. As one instance of the results according from this new Home, we may quote the following from a letter recently received by the Women's Social Secretary:

"Dear Madam:—It gives me great pleasure to write you a few lines in regard to the S. A. Home at 11 St. Monique St., Montreal. My mother

Leading Officers



Territory.



Leut.-Col. Marston,
Territorial Secretary.



Brigadier General



Brigadier Pugmire,
Men's Social Work.



COLONEL BOOTH,
Chief of Staff.



Brigadier Mrs. Read,
Women's Social Secretary.

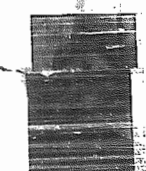


Major Smeaton,
Comptroller of Finance.

Major Co.,
Financial Sec.

was a wreck of the worst kind, and I had been trying for six years to bring her to her proper senses. I visited several ministers in Montreal. Some suggested putting her in the Insane Asylum, others said, 'Put her in jail.' I could not find heart enough to do either, yet how could I let her go on sinning and disgracing me. My thoughts were everywhere but at my business. I could not sleep, and I worried myself to almost nothing.

"Since my father's death, seven years ago, my mother took to drink. Three years ago my own brother died through neglect. My mother aged fifteen years in appearance in six years, and I could not remain in Montreal on account of having so much trouble. I got her taken to the S. A. Home, but she remained only one night. She went to a boarding house, and her behaviour in the house was unbearable. She thought of nothing but liquor. Then again I took her to your home. This time with the great success. My mother is now a changed character. Your Home deserves praise. It is a blessing to the coun-



Major, Central Ontario

Leading Officers

to have such an institution for people who have fallen in sin. It has made me a happy man and saved my mother from disgrace."

An off-shoot of the work in St. John is the opening of a small hall in the very worst locality of the city, where meetings are conducted by Rescue Officers and others, and cases recruited for the Home. Although not actually opened, the Butte Rescue Home is, properly speaking, one of this year's accomplishments. All arrangements having been made, officers appointed, and next Nov. fixed for the Home's opening. The Toronto Children's Shelter has also been the subject of a scheme of advance. They are prospecting a flight from their present abode to the old Richmond St. barracks, which has been so altered and almost rebuilt to make a cheerful and commodious Children's Home.

The Red Cross of the League of Mercy has been the signal of hope beside hundreds of hospital cots and prison cells. The work has been organized in Peterboro, Brantford, and

been held in the various Shelters, and 69 people have professed conversion.

Amongst the advances of the year must be mentioned the renovating of the Shelters at Hamilton, Toronto, Victoria, Vancouver, Halifax and Dawson City, each of which we are told are now bright with new paint and many improved by extensive alterations. The last-named Shelter demands a special word, for our Social work at the Klondike is doing well. For a recent month the returns were 161 beds and 712 meals supplied. Vancouver woodyard is also doing specially good work in supplying employment to the needy. An average week's income for this was \$185, and we are not surprised to learn that the wood-sheds are to be enlarged.

The separating of the Men's Social into a Department by itself is, of course, the advance of the year in the Shelter world, and promises already great things. We notice that the Social Secretary issues a monthly paper to his officers, entitled Social News, edited by one Reformer.

NEW ROOFTREES.

Matters of satisfaction to many corps this anniversary will be the better dwellings in which October finds them. The following new and improved properties have been undertaken during the year: Lady Bank (a donation to the work), Windsor, Nelson, Rossland, and St. John's, the old barracks of the latter being now altered into a large Army day school. Our hall at St. Thomas has been rebuilt, and negotiations have been completed for another at Moose Jaw and an extensive building scheme at Winnipeg, which includes a barracks, Provincial Office and Garrison. The transformation of the Richmond St. barracks, mentioned elsewhere, is also a decided property achievement, while Dawson City barracks, Shelter and



Brigadier Gaskin,
General Secretary.

Brigadier Friedrich,
Editor War Cry and Young Soldier.



Major Hargrave,
East Ontario Province.



Major Pickering,
Eastern Province.



Brigadier Sharp,
Newfoundland Province.

quarters, put up by the toil of the officers there, claims special recognition, especially when it is remembered the loyalty with which they started to pay rent for it even before it was asked for.

FOUND.

This is the joyful word which has been able to be written over 56 of the 276 cases which have passed through the hands of our Help and Recovery Department during the year. The number would indeed be much larger were it not for the fact that many other losses have been located by other headquarters and consequently are included in their totals. As a representative case we might instance the following: A Western convert wrote in anxiety for us to find his mother, of whom he had lost all trace. He could give us singularly little clue, but by the aid of the International network of investigation at our disposal, we found his mother in England, and forwarded letters from her to her son.

OIL FOR THE CHARIOT WHEELS.

This is the prosperity attending our Trade Department through another year of hard toil and distinct achievement. Seventeen years ago trading for God was an unknown adventure. Interests of the Flag; to-day the accompanying figures show the value of the claims of war which consecrated business takes has proved. Its well-earned profits all go to the raising and preserving of our efforts for the salvation of men. The gross income of the various Departments for six months are as follows: Printing, \$16,922.00; advertising, \$4,718.75; merchandise, \$9,651.60; tea, \$407.10; and War Cry, \$26,547.50. Under this head we must include, and it will make a good conclusion to these notes, our weekly War Cry and Young Soldier circulation, 41,498.

REST AND REFRESHMENT.

Is what our Food and Shelter Depots have proved to hundreds of wayfaring men during the past year. 108,662 beds, and 232,224 meals have been supplied, 6,668 destitute men have been found employment, 640 meetings have

Our Seventeenth Birthday Party.

By the time this issue reaches our readers the Anniversary Celebrations at Toronto will be nearly concluded, and the officers will be preparing to return to their different corps, carrying with them the inspirations which such gatherings give to the participants. It is, of course, impossible to give any reports of these meetings in this edition of the War Cry, but we shall print a full account of the preliminary meetings on Saturday, Miss Booth's two special addresses at the Pavilion on Sunday, and of Monday night's reception at the Temple. The Commissioner's meetings at the Pavilion will be the centre of curiosity, as they will be entirely novel and unique.

S. A. Mission Work.

There has been much said on and off—and not so very long ago—by a Canadian periodical, about the Salvation Army not being a success as a missionary agency among the unchristianized nations of the globe. Our regular readers will hardly require any contradiction of this assertion, since we make it a point to give all important current news, advances and useful information referring to our work among the natives, in our pages; but, as our work in India has been repeatedly picked upon by critics who never have been to that country, and who form their opinions from strongly-colored reports only, we are glad to give some figures which we have taken from the latest number of the Indian Cry.

We have at present 1,445 corps and outposts in India, in charge of 1,223 officers and Cadets. The education of our soldiers and adherents is provided for by 237 schools, 17 of which are Boarding and Industrial Schools, the balance of 220 being Day Schools. Competent and certificated officers manage two Dispensaries; we have 13 Training Homes for officers; 10 Village Brotherhood Bunkies; four Rescue Homes; one Farm Colony; two Peasant Settlements, and one Prison Gate Home. This would be an excellent record of a generation's endeavor, and yet we have been in India scarcely seventeen years. These figures are the best answer to pages of indefinite and pointless twaddle about our fruitless work among the natives of India.

THE SHIPWRECKED AT THE LIGHTHOUSE.

[By wire.]

Interesting time at the Lighthouse. Passengers and others of the ill-fated Scotsman arrived yesterday and today, about forty stopping at the Lighthouse, by arrangement of the Company. More particulars and snapshots later.—Capt. Nyland.

A FREE READING ROOM

In Connection with the S. A. Hall at Victoria, B.C.

The Victoria Times contains the following comment:

"The selection by the Salvation Army of the old Y. M. C. A. rooms on Broad Street, for their Headquarters, will be henceforth regarded as a blessing, as it re-establishes, in improved form, the much-patronized and highly-appreciated free reading-room formerly located there. Staff-Captain Galt, who has entered into the work in Victoria with her accustomed energy and determination, realized very quickly that such a reading-room would be a boon to many, and last evening it was publicly opened. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. Speer, Winchester, Dr. Wilson, and School Trustees Mrs. Grant. The room is cheerful, well-lighted and desirable resort."

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs,

Assisted by

All the Provincial Officers,
HEADQUARTERS' STAFF AND THE
STAFF BAND,

Will Conduct Special Meetings on

Sunday, October 15th,
AT LISCAR STREET BARRACKS.

Specialettes.

Lieut.-Colonel Macgillis spent a Sunday at the Farm, where he conducted two meetings. One man sought salvation, who now acts as cook, although he has been better days. He heard the Commissioner at the Pavilion in September, and sought temporal help at the S. A. Shelter with the result that he was sent to the Farm. He appears to be thoroughly in earnest.

Brigadiers Gaskin and Pugmire and the Staff Band spent the week-end at Riverside; a full report is printed elsewhere.

Mrs. Brigadier Read addressed a large audience at the Doad St. Congregational Church on Sunday night, speaking on the Rescue work of the Salvation Army. She received an excellent hearing and considerable sympathy was collected on behalf of the Women's Social Work.

Brigadier Howell was the first P. O. to arrive in the city looking in good health.

Staff-Capt. Arebhold has returned from his rest and had an excellent Sunday at the Temple.

Riverside's Rousing Rally

The memories of the visit of Brigadiers Gaskin and Pugmire, Majors Turner and Collier, Staff-Capt. Manton and Sturgeon, the Staff Band, and others of Headquarters' Staff, Riverside, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 30th, October 1st and 2nd, will long remain in the minds of our comrades as the classic Don.

The visit of the Staff Band was some sense a "thankoffering" to the Riverside Corps for their gift of the services of Sergt.-Major Seeds and Capt. Bodden in the Staff Band on many occasions.

Saturday night was spent entirely in the open-air, and a goodly crowd of people stood around, while a continual stream of song and testimony was kept up.

The Sunday meetings well bore out the "extraordinary" announcement. Good crowds were in evidence, and the collections were exceedingly special. The local folk, as represented by "Bill Phillips" of the Colored Seman, took hold well. At night, the hall was crowded, and after a pull, five sought salvation.

Monday night was devoted to music and song. An able pen, thus mine might do justice to this meeting. I think I am safe in saying that for life, enjoyment and real down-right "making merry in the Lord," this was one of the best musings the Staff Band has yet given. The hall was again full, and the income good. Brigadier Gaskin was thoroughly pleased with the result of the visit. So were the Riverside folks, and so were the other specials.—E. B.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

Fort William, Thursday, Oct. 12, to Monday, Oct. 16.

Port Arthur, Tues. and Wed., Oct. 17, 18.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Oakes, Thursday, Oct. 12.

Lisbon, Fri., Sat. and Sun., Oct. 13, 14, 15.

Fargo, Mon. and Tues., Oct. 16, 17.

Grand Forks, Wednesday, Oct. 15.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Campbellton, Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 12, 13.

Newcastle, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 14, 15.

Chatham, Monday, Oct. 16.

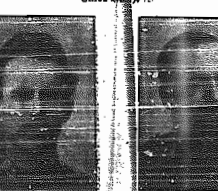
Fredericton, Tuesday, Oct. 17.

Woodstock, Wednesday, Oct. 18.

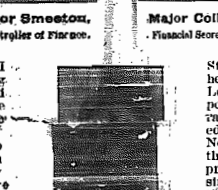
Col. Mainwaring,
Editorial Secretary.



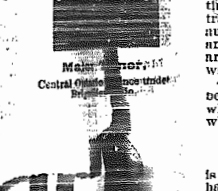
Colonel Jacobs,
Chief Clerk.



Major Horn,
Trade Secretary.



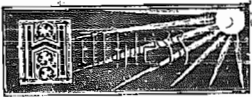
Major Collier,
Financial Secretary.



Major Smoot,
Editor of Finance.



Major Smoot,
Editor of Finance.



Difficulties Met.

(Continued.)

Unless you are standing with your faith on the Word of God, your foundation will very soon shake. That is why so many people fall. For some time they are all right, and then down they go. If you have the right teaching, if your foundation is right from the beginning, it will never shake. Put your foundation upon the Bible.

A man in Australia said that his Christian life was like a jack-in-the-box. You know what a "jack-in-the-box" is? As soon as you touch the spring, up comes the jack out of the box. He says, "It is all right when you are not tempted; but when you are, up comes the jack—the things that are inside your heart."

"Oh," I said, "In a cleansed heart, there is no jack. Show me that from the Bible. You can't show it from the Bible. It is altogether your own imagination. What nonsense it is to believe such things as that."

"Oh," I said, "It is all wrong. All uncleanliness is outside. God says so. Isa. 1. 25. 'Beh, I will turn my hand upon thee and thoroughly purge away all thy dross, and take away all thy (thy) alloy.'"

Another man used the expression, "A tiger in the cage." "This is a tiger," he said, "inside the cage. It won't hurt you, but it will remain in you." I said to him, "If you keep the tiger inside the cage, you must have some food for the tiger. Who is going to supply it?" There was no answer for it. He said, "Thank God, the man who said there was 'a tiger in the cage,' was taught the truth a short time ago by the Lord, and since then has been greatly used of God."

The Clean Heart.

Another well-known preacher said, "Dear David, your heart is a damp-house. You can open the door, open the window, and the light in, but you can't open the heart. It is a damp-house." I said, "Where is the verse for this?" He quoted Mark vii. 21. For, from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, as the experience of a Christian heart, of which God says, "From within, out of the heart of men,"—natural men, unregenerated men—from such, proceed such corruption. When your heart is cleansed from all filthiness, (Ezek. xxxvi. 25, "From all your iniquities will I cleanse you, a new spirit also will I give you, and a new spirit will I will put upon you, and you shall say, 'Beh, I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, for I have said, 'I will dwell in your heart by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love,' where is there room for such things? If one's heart should be filthy after being cleansed, how can I call it a clean heart?" I said to him, "If that is my heart, I won't preach any longer." I asked him, "Is that your heart?" He couldn't say it was his heart. Oh, it is difficult to have such an idea of a Christian heart which is cleansed from all evil. The dear man could not say that this was the experience of his heart.

God speaks of hearts very clearly in His word. There are about 125 kinds of hearts mentioned in the Bible, and I want to call your attention to only three special kinds. Study hearts; it will do you lots of good. I took me about four months to study that subject. The three kinds of hearts are: First, the unconverted heart, Mark vii. 21 (above), Jer. xlvii. 9, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Second, the changed heart, I. Cor. v. 17, "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new"—a new creature; and third, the cleansed heart, Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26 (above), Ps. lxxiii. 1, "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart." John xlii. 10, "Jesus said unto him, 'Hie thine iniquities, neither sayest thou wash his feet, but is clean every whit.'"

I prove that in this way. The carnal man, whose heart is unconverted, you will find in Romans viii. 6, 7. The carnal man is not the spiritual man,

but is quite different. "For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Not only it is not subject to the law of God, but it never can be. Never, NEVER!

Second, the carnal soul, the changed heart, babes in Christ, you will find in I. Cor. iii. 1, 2, "And I, brethren, know not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." Why? "For ye are yet carnal." Paul went to see the Corinthians; he went to give them solid food, but when he got there he found them still babes in Christ, carnal Christians. They were not prepared for meat because they had no teeth, no backbone—they were jelly-fish Christians. He said to them, "I came to you to give you some meat, but you are not ready for it. I thought you were spiritual, but you are carnal—babes in Christ. You are children of God, but you are still carnal." I see, this is the converted state, but not the spiritual state.

Not Gullible.

Third, in the eighth chapter of Romans, at the 6th verse, you will see that "to be spiritually minded is life and peace;" and in the 9th verse, "Now, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is not of His seed, and the experience of that heart will find in Romans vi. 17, 18 and 22. "But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then

made free from sin." Justification is different from freedom. "Justified" means "Not guilty," that is all. You are not guilty. Through the righteousness of God you are "free from the wrath to come," but free from sin is quite a different thing. You are free from sin because the lawless power of Christ makes you free, not only from the guilt, but also from the power of sin.

Many explain the truth according to their opinion, but the Lord explains in chapters and verses. If it is the truth of God you preach, you will not be a prey to the devil, and you will support it, but if a man is going to use his own imagination and theory, you won't be able to find a chapter and verse for it. Let God be true; Romans iii. 3, 4, "For what if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid; yea, let God be true, and every man a liar. Let every man be a liar, but let God be true. If some do not believe, shall that make God care about it? Whether you believe it or not, the fact remains a fact. Eight and eight are sixteen; if you do not believe it, it will never make it seventeen. You may not believe in aviation, but the captain of the ship is not going to give up navigation because you do not believe in it. You don't know chemistry; the doctor prescribes some medicine for you, and you don't believe in it, but the doctor is not going to alter the prescription because you do not believe in it. What is it to him whether you believe in it or not? If you believe you shall have the benefit of it; if you do not believe you shall go without it. It will serve you right, serve you right.

(To be continued.)



L—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XIII.

EPAMINONDAS, THE MODEL SALVATIONIST.

Sparta exercised her power very harshly. In 357, B. C., they called upon the Thebans to assist in the siege of the city of Mantinea. The besieged sallied out and in the ensuing battle were defeated. In the course of the fighting a rich young Theban, of noble family, named Pelopidas, was surrounded by enemies. He fought desperately and fell under seven wounds, when another Theban, Epaminondas, came to his help and fought over him until he came, and both, although badly wounded, were saved. Epaminondas was also the son of a noble father, but very poor. A strong friendship sprang up between these two youths, and the rich Pelopidas lived as hardily and sparingly as his poorer friend, using his money to help the poor.

Thebans naturally hated to be under the Spartan yoke, and watched the Pelopides, with three other exiles, come into the Thebes in the guise of hunters, and in the height of the midst of the banquet they fell upon the half-tipsy guests and slew them. Pelopidas, the champion, then came into the Thebes in the guise of a poor student and was allowed to remain.

One dark winter's eve, while a banquet among the Spartans was being held, Pelopidas, with three other exiles, came into the Thebes in the guise of hunters, and in the height of the midst of the banquet they fell upon the half-tipsy guests and slew them. Pelopidas, the champion, then came into the Thebes in the guise of a poor student and was allowed to remain.

ment by Boeotarchs, who were elected for a year at a time.

A war with Sparta followed in which Athens helped Thebes, out of hatred for Sparta. After six years a conference was called to arrange a peace agreement, at which Epaminondas distinguished himself by his eloquence, insisting that Sparta should give up the rule over other places in Laconia. The Athenians would not stand by Thebes, which was left alone to resist Sparta. The latter power sent eleven thousand men under the dual kings, Agis and Cleomenes, to compel the submission of the Thebans. Epaminondas mustered only six thousand warriors. Pelopidas commanded the horsemen, while Epaminondas drew up his infantry in lines fifty deep, with which he dashed into the midst of the Spartans, who were only three deep, while the cavalry dashed into the broken ranks of the Spartans and cut them down. The Spartan leader was slain and the Thebans had won a glorious victory. Epaminondas was the most popular man for a time, but envy raised him up some enemies which succeeded in having him elected as inspector of street cleaning, intending it for a joke. Instead of that he fulfilled the duties of it so well that he made the office an honorable one.

Pelopidas, who had been sent with a message to Thebes, had been put in chains in a Thessalian dungeon and the Thebans marched against Thebes to deliver him. Epaminondas was the leader as a common soldier. The Theban leaders managed so badly that they were forced to turn back by the Greeks. In the retreat the half-starved and endangered troops cried out for Epaminondas to lead them, and he brought them out safely. The following year he was chosen Boeotarch and the again attacked Thebes, and by the great dread of his name made the tyrant of that city to sue for peace and to deliver up Pelopidas. The reports of Pelopidas were so revolting that another attack was made at the end of the peace, and a great battle was

won by the Thebans, although Pelopidas was killed there, to the great grief of all.

Epaminondas was sent the following year to defend the allies against the Spartans, and had almost won the battle when an arrow struck him in the chest. He saw the Spartans in full flight, and asked for the two next in command, which were both slain. Upon hearing this he advised his friends to make peace.

"This peace is not the end of, but the beginning of my glory," he said to his weeping friends; then with his own hand he pulled the arrow out of his breast and died. He was buried where he died, and a pillar was erected to his memory.

Truth Dearly Sold.

Many of the chambers of the house of life are for ever locked to us, until love gives us the key.

—++—

All men seem to believe that they can have one character and another reputation.

—++—

If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—Luther.

—++—

Experience has always to be bought, and properly regarded and acted upon, is worth the money paid for it.

—++—

The memory of good and worthy actions gives a quicker relish to the soul than ever it could possibly take in the highest enjoyments of youth.

—++—

An unkind word from one beloved often draws the blood from many a heart that would defy the battlements of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.

—++—

All great reforms have been won by men whom the world has called fanatics. Men of principle and backbone do not compromise with the devil—they fight him.

—++—

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never commensurate. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

—++—

The foundation of good labor in any shape is a good man, and all that is done to give breadth, depth and fulness to him will result in ultimate improvement upon his work.

—++—

There is a rough and bitter proverb: "As the old cock crows, the young cock learns;" and those who sow in small shame do not unfrequently reap in large deceptions.

—++—

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

—++—

Some See-Saws.

THINGS I SAW AT PETERBORO.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Six souls kneel at the Cross.

—x—

The collections for the week-end doubled.

—x—

Five dollars given at the afternoon open-air meeting.

—x—

Three hundred people at the Sunday night meeting.

—x—

Bandmen and soldiers stick to their knees till the close of the Sunday night prayer meeting.

—x—

The Juniors on Sunday afternoon, the attendance being 107 at the company meeting.

—x—

The J. S. Library, which is a credit to the J. S. S. M. and workers.

—x—

Staff-Capt. Burditt in fighting trim, as usual.

Facts of the Fighting.

Twillingate District.

On Tuesday, July 27th, Ensign Cooper received a telegram from Captain Baggs, in charge of Botwoodville, saying that the barracks and quarters were destroyed by fire. The Ensign, like all loyal Salvationists, felt it very sorely, yet he believed in the old problem, "Try and try again." The following Wednesday the Ensign left his corps, Twillingate, in a small motor boat, for Botwoodville to see what could be done. He came to Morton's Harbor, stayed all night, and on the following morning the Ensign, accompanied by your humble servant, Lieut. Sparks, left Morton's Harbor intending to reach our destination. Just after we had started on our journey we found, like the old servant Paul, that the winds were contrary. Still we ploughed at it. At 11:30 a.m. we got to Samson's Island, met with some of our S. A. friends, got a lunch and some information regarding the best way, and started again. After a pull of 33 miles our desired haven was reached all O. K. We were somewhat weary and tired, and we found Capt. Baggs much perplexed over the sad loss, and especially for the quarters, which she had built and which she was getting nicely furnished. She had been living in it just one week. But through it all she clings a fire-proof salvation.

On Friday, Aug. 4th, the Ensign made arrangements with Captain and Sergeant to start another barracks and quarters as soon as possible. At 7:30 p.m. we had a march and open-air with cornet and drum. A large crowd attended. On Saturday afternoon Sergt. and Mrs. Seabright's little baby Mary Elsie Seabright, was dedicated to the Lord. We had a cottage meeting at night. The meeting went in true Newfoundland style.

Didn't They Dance?

We closed thanking God for victory in seeing three wanderers brought back to the Saviour.

Sunday was a day of rich blessings. God was with us all day. After the public meeting a soldiers' council was held at 4 p.m. The night's meeting was full of deep conviction, but we had no visible results.

With the assistance of the soldiers, we got the ruins of the fire removed on Monday, and the foundation of another quarters was laid, and Captain Baggs is expecting in a few weeks to be living in her new home. The soldiers of Botwoodville are made of the right kind of material; they are not moved with small things. This is the second barracks they have had burned and they are expecting in a few months to have the third one built. We also have some good sympathizers of the Army here, whose generosity is admirable; they don't mind going to



Harbor Grace, Nfld.

the pocket-book to help forward a good thing.

On Tuesday, Aug. 8th, we left Botwoodville to go round the District. We first visited Camelton and found Capt. Moore doing exploits in the way of a harpist. We gave them a meeting which was greatly appreciated by all that attended.

On Thursday we started for Comfort Cove, and after a pull of 10 miles, reached it. We had a meeting, and it was good to be there.

Friday found us on our way for New Bay Corps, a distance 42 miles. At 7 p.m. we reached New Bay Head, and to our surprise found the corps and barracks was 12 miles further up the South-West arm. We stayed all night with old S. A. friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. Richards.

The next morning we found Capt. Pugh very anxious to see us. Sunday was a day long to be remembered. Although it was quite stormy, we had good crowds. The holiness meeting, at 11 a.m., was a real love feast; the blessing of sanctification was explained very clearly, and the result was that four came forward and could claim the blessing. In the afternoon evangelism. At the night meeting Sergt. and Mrs. Cooper's little baby was dedicated to the Lord.

Monday found us on our way to Exploits. The sea was very rough and our boat was small. We found it a difficult task, but the Ensign is known among Newfoundlanders as an energetic man, who believes, when he can't go through difficulties, in going over them. We crossed New Bay, and then started to

Pull Our Boat Over the Sand.

The pull was rather a tough one, but we got there. At 5 p.m. we were on the opposite side in Exploit Bay, and after coming a distance of 20 miles, reached Exploits corps, feeling we had done a good job.

The night's meeting was well attended. Deep convictions reigned.

Wednesday we started for Black Is-

land, an outpost of Exploits. We had it quite stormy. Our boat was dismasted twice with quite a lot of water that came over her. When we reached the Island we found we were the right people in the right place. Our meeting was a real Salvation Army Free-and-Easy affair. Some people with nervous dispositions would have declared us crazy. Two soldiers were enrolled also one backslider reclaimed. After the public meeting a soldiers' council was held.

Thursday found us on our way to Morton's Harbor. We had quite a hard pull, but got there all O. K. and found Capt. Howell with brain and fingers at work teaching school. At 3 p.m. the Ensign had a meeting with the children.

On Friday we arrived back at Twillingate. We would like to let the readers of the War Cry know that Twillingate District is in a prosperous condition, and that God and our leaders can depend upon us to carry out every command.

These are the figures of our trip: Rowed 145 miles, visited 5 corps and 4 companies, held 15 meetings, 8 souls saved, 3 soldiers enrolled, and 2 converts dedicated.—Lieut. Geo. Sparks, for Ensign Cooper.

WOODSTOCK.—You have not heard from us since Harvest Festival, but I just want to say we smashed our target all to pieces, and to God be all the glory. We had Ensign Collier with us, who farewelled from the Province and has gone to his home in England. also a visit from Major and Mrs. Southall, our Provincial Officers, who are always welcome. Mrs. Southall lectured on Saturday night on League of Mercy work in London, while the audience sat in rapt attention. We also had Capt. Smith with us for Sunday, who made the meetings lively and interesting, and at night one soul sought and found salvation. Hallelujah.—Lieut. Mumford, for Ensign Gamble.

Another Earthquake.

Singway has been visited again with an earthquake, just a week from the last, and it seems to happen on Sunday. This one was worse than the last, and one of the most remarkable a good many have known; the buildings just swayed like drunken men for several minutes, while the earth rolled in under like a stormy sea. While Bro. Jensen and I stood outside the door upstairs you just felt as though you were on the bridge of some ocean steamer, and looking down into the yard at the back you could see the water in a wash-tub sway to and fro and splash over the sides, and the water in the creek washing from one side to the other. I saw one poor woman run out of the house and cling round the neck of her husband (I suppose). People are getting afraid, but those who are saved are rejoicing. Hallelujah!

The first shock took place while we were at knee-drill. Some of the Christians started to pray that God would shake more, while other would say, "Gloria!" What a contrast to the woman who was clinging round her husband's neck! Sunday was a day of victory. At 3 p.m. we had a blessed holiness meeting. There are a number of Christians who are baptized with the Holy Ghost and claim a number hungry for Him. Since last report one sister, over sixty years of age, has sought the Lord. The conference can claim upon her through reading the War Cry.

The other night there were only four of us in the open-air, but two of them were lawyers. A large number came through here to and from Dawson and one was a great exclamation that he would not hear anything said against the Army. May our lives and work be more holy.—Ensign F. R. Bloss.

DUNDAS.—Major Turner and a few of our Hamilton friends put a flying visit last Friday night. Can't boast of large crowds, but good meetings. One soul out for salvation Sunday night, others convicted and believe are long we shall have the joy of seeing them kneeling at the Cross.—A. Parker, Lieut.

HALIFAX I.—We can report victory in our II. P. effort. The Lord was with us the past week in the salvation of souls and the sanctification of believers. In Sunday God was with us in power. Seven for salvation and three for sanctification were the visible results. May the Lord bless us altogether.—Treas. Cassin.

DAWSON.—Wonderful day yesterday. Stupendous open-air, very large crowd at night indoors, new converts assisting in day's fight. Powerful meetings. One man knelt at drum-head last week in open-air; a magnificent song going to be a soldier. Praise the Lord.—Adj. Frank Morris.

SHEAR'S TOWN, Nfld.—The past week our meetings have been good. We met Sunday evening at Spauld's Bay for open-air meeting. Some two hundred people were there. God came upon us, and at the close four went away with new hearts and new lives. Fifteen souls since last report. To God we give the glory.—D. Moulton, Capt.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—Capt. Perronnet and Lieut. Betts farewelled last Sunday. The message were very good, and although God's Holy Spirit touched many hearts none yielded. We hope to hear of many precious souls coming back to God, and left praying God's richest blessing rest upon every comrade. The Harvest Festival effort was a success and all comrades assisted bravely.—M. Betts, Lieut., for E. Perronnet, Capt.

MOOSEMIN, N. W. T.—Hard battle Sunday. Satan defeated. Two sinners saved at night. Soldiers full of fire for God and getting into uniform. Christ's power to save and keep (even the Irish) being shown. Our motto, "On, on, and still on." We cannot fail for Jesus is our tender and He is always sure to win. Praise God!—Eton.

REVELSTOCK.—Still we march on believing for a grand revival ere the devil is shaking. Although our numbers are small, conviction has taken place. We had Ensign Stingers on Tuesday and Wednesday, a magic lantern and service "Charge." We enjoyed his very much.—S. A. Silvers.



Lieut. Bone, Midland.



Treasurer Stapleton, Barrie.



Provincial Headquarters and Rescue Home, St. Johns, Nfld.

The Color-Sergeant

OF ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

The Story of My Conversion.

I was born in Yarmouth, N. S. My mother was a good Christian and a member of the Baptist Church. I went to school until I was thirteen years of age, and had to attend Sabbath School and two preaching services every Sunday (rain or shine). My religious instruction did not seem to benefit me very much, for after I left home, I did not attend a religious meeting of any kind for a long time. I learned to drink, and smoke, and used to be out late at nights with the boys, indulging in sins of various kinds.

While at work in a lobster packing shop I fell in love with a young woman who lived in the house where I was boarding. After about a year's "courtship" we were married and lived happily together for a number of years. We had everything we needed to make us comfortable and happy, with the exception of the one thing that alone can give true and lasting happiness.

One day my wife took sick. The doctor said it was consumption, and with that our troubles commenced. My father had died just before this and left me between three and four thousand dollars, so we were in no immediate want; but with doctor's bills, medicine and our extravagant way of living, that money soon vanished, and all that I could earn. While in St. Stephen my wife took a turn for the worse, and our money was all gone. I had no work, and it was not safe to leave my wife alone in the house. (We had no one living with us.) Two years ago last June she was well enough to be up and dressed, and she was sitting in her chair at the front window. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon she requested me to make a fire in the stove and prepare her some supper. I went into the kitchen and had not been out five minutes, when I thought I heard her call for me. I went at once to see what she wanted, and was horrified to see that her lap was full of blood, and blood flowing from her mouth. She made no sound did not even move. I think she was dead before I got to her. Died without having a chance to even say goodbye to me. I cannot describe my feelings at that time. I felt utterly desolate.

My Wife had been My Idol.

I felt that I was all alone, forsaken by both God and man and my heart was almost broken.

A few weeks before my wife died the Lord had sent a kind Christian lady to visit us. She used to call two or three times a week, and did all that was possible to make her comfortable. She not only sent her everything that could be got, to nourish and strengthen her, but also humored her in a great many childish whims, that were expensive and of no real benefit to her. I had never in all my life before met so kind and so good a woman. When she came to my wife died, I shall never forget the few sympathizing words she spoke to me. I have the more cause to remember that she said was the only person that tried to comfort me in my way. Her sympathy went further than words. What was my surprise after she had taken leave to find that in shaking hands with me she had left a five dollar bill in my hand. A day or two after the funeral this same lady sent me a lovely reference Bible, with many passages that she thought might benefit me, underlined, accompanied by a note asking me to read and pray every night, and tell me how I ever needed a friend at any time, to be sure and come to her, it would always be a pleasure for her to help me in any way that she could. This lady almost killed me with kindness. I commenced to read my Bible every night (something I had never done before) simply to please her. After a while

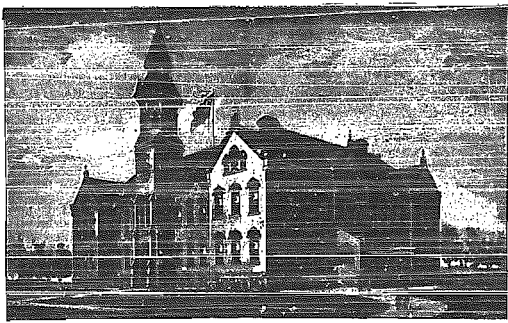
I Liked to Read It.

and my true friend helped me in every way possible, by teaching and explain-

ing and by words of encouragement. Truly, "Kind words never die." Up to this time I had not been inside of a religious meeting of any kind for over five years, and had been to an Army meeting but once in my life. I commenced going to church on Sundays, and once in a while during the week would go to the S. A. meeting in Calais. I said my prayers every night, and was trying to be as good as I could.

A few weeks after that I happened to go to an Army meeting in St. Stephen. The Captain impressed me as being good, sincere, and honest, and what she said seemed to come from the heart. I liked the meeting so very much that I had no desire to go anywhere else. The Captain was not content with talking from the platform only, but in the prayer meeting would go and talk to different persons in the audience. I well remember the first time she came to me, how uneasy I felt. I made no reply, thinking she would not come again, but she was not to be got rid of so easily. In a few nights she came again. The Captain talked to me very earnestly. One question she asked me was, "Have you been born again?" On the impulse of the moment, almost before I knew it, I was kneeling at the penitent form. The soldiers all prayed for me, and the Captain told me to pray for myself and I did. But I did not find peace that night and went away bitterly disappointed.

If I had been left to myself, my experience of salvation would have ended there, but Captain Clark did not leave me alone. She asked could she go to my boarding house to pray and talk with me. I have not forgotten



The Ryerson Public School, Hamilton, Ont.

the cold, dreary day on which she faithful Captain called to see me. She told me I must not go by my feelings, but to leave off everything that I knew to be wrong, and live by faith, and

Take God at His Word;

the feeling would come in time. I had never heard this view of the matter before. She prayed very earnestly before going and invited me to the meeting. I went to the meeting, and to the penitent form again, and after a deal of praying, said, "I believe I am saved, because I have repented from my sins, and asked God for mercy and pardon, but I have not that feeling of joy and happiness that I have heard some of them tell about."

I prayed to God daily to give me some sign, some token, that I could not fall to understanding that I was not know beyond the shadow of a doubt that I had been born again and was His child. The devil was telling me sometimes that I was a hypocrite, that I had not been converted, and that the whole thing was a delusion. I will never forget the time that my prayer was answered. It was about three weeks after I first knelt at the penitent form. I was praying very earnestly, when, instantaneously, while on my knees, there came a feeling over me that I cannot just describe; it was joy, happiness, peace and certainty combined; since that time I have never had a doubt of my salvation.

It has been about a year and eight months since I first went to the penitent form.

I have been enrolled as a soldier and hold a commission as Color-Sergeant. Although I have had many temptations and discouragements, I have not backslidden. God's grace has always been sufficient for me.

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

A reliable estimate gives an interesting comparative view of the world's great religions. The numbers and their adherents are: Christianity, 477,000,000; worship of ancestors and Confucianism, 266,000,000; Mohammedanism, 176,000,000; Buddhism, 148,000,000; Taoism, 43,000,000; Shintoism, 14,000,000; Polytheism, 117,000,000; Judaism, 7,000,000.

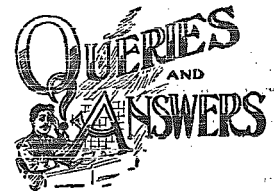
Geographically, the followers of various religions are divided as follows: Europe, Catholics, 109,000,000; Protestants, 80,000,000; Orthodox believers, 89,000,000. America, Catholics, 58,000,000; Protestants, 57,000,000. Africa, Catholics, 2,600,000; Protestants, 1,750,000; Mohammedanism, 110,000,000. The total number of Methodists in the world is about 30,000,000. In Great Britain alone there are nearly 300 religious sects. The adherents of the Established Church are officially put down at 13,000,000, but the figure is no doubt an exaggeration. There are in the United Kingdom 400,000 Baptist church members and 600,000 Sunday School scholars; 600,000 Methodist members and 1,500,000 scholars; 500,000 Congregational members; 300,000 Welsh Calvinistic members, and 80,000 Jews. The Unitarians have some 250 congregations in England alone; the Society of Friends numbers about 18,000; and the Salvation Army, the most remarkable religious organization of modern times has a round million of adherents.

that makes a soldier. The plan of campaign is not upon "you." "You" do not bear the "charges." God will "GET HIMSELF" the victory when He will, but not until He has discomfited men enough to hold it. Can He depend on "you," that is your question. One who says to a man, "You have taken the right side, for righteousness is against a mighty wrong, alone or with a handful, 'you can't'!" says only this, "you can't be true," and as sure as God lives, that is a lie. The New Voice.

DISOBEDIENCE'S DIRE CURSE.

A gentleman who seemed very much interested, sat in one of our meetings the other night. On dealing with him I found him to be (I believe the most miserable of all people in the world) a backslidden ex-officer, which he had away from the land in which he had fought his last fight. He was Red, and Blue. His story is, he met a soldier whom he married. He thought things would go on all right, but, alas! she did not prove to be that true soldier of the Cross he had thought her to be. They had good deal of money, they went into business and failed. She had a very bad temper and treated him very harshly, which he took very hard, and at last, backed up altogether. He says he has tried since to come back to God, but that the heavens seem as brass to him. God gave him good success as an officer and helped him to feed many souls to the Cross. "And here," he said, "I am now myself, a spiritual and financial wreck."

Dear comrades, let us who are still on the battle-field take warning, and not let the devil through discouragement or any other cause, tempt us to give up the fight, for we are all around us the "reward of disobedience."—J. E. L. Dillon, Mont.



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer enquiries about rules and regulations, difficulties of Soldiers, as far as it is necessary for spiritual growth, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest. Write us frankly. Whenever a reply is such that it should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter, or by enclosed postage stamp. We would not use your name in print, but all enquirers should sign their full names and address, as a matter of good faith.

S.M. — Sergeant-Major's stripes should be worn on the right sleeve below the elbow, pointing upwards; Sergeant's stripes are worn on the left sleeve, above the elbow, and pointing downwards.

CONTRIBUTOR.—The Trade Secretary is, so to speak, the business manager of the War Cry. All subscriptions to the Cry, and all correspondence referring to subscriptions should be sent to him. Contributions to the pages of the War Cry, and correspondence with regard to the contents of the War Cry, or about articles to be contributed, should be sent to the Editor.

J. H.—We have carefully read your letter, which is too long to reprint, and too personal as well. We would point out to you, that, as a Salvation Soldier, you take necessarily a greater obligation upon you than if you had become a member of a church. The Soldiers' Rules will tell you that you must be a fighter, and to be a successful fighter it will not do to run continually to other meetings. What would you think of a soldier who continually deserted his company just when the battle is raging, to go to places where he "can enjoy himself." You are a soldier in order to work and fight, not for the sake of enjoyment.

Self-denial is the first requisite to human greatness.

You Can't.

Who "can't"? Who are "you"? How much depends on "you"? Whose are "you"? Whom do "you" serve? Whence is your power? What is your weapon—might or spirit? Who is the time-keeper? Who is responsible for "the times and seasons"?

Who "can't"? Who is doing this? Who "laid the foundations of the earth"? Who "made the sea, and shut it up with doors"? Who sewed "the clouds the garments thereof"? Who hath "commanded the morning since thy days"? Who keeps "the treasures of the snow"? Who is the "father of the rain"? Who passes "the ordinances of heaven"? Who set "the dominion thereof upon the earth"? Who gives "the horse strength"? "Doth the eagle fly by thy wisdom"? "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command"?

Has one of "the corners of the earth" slipped out of God's hands? Has the "maker gotten beyond the control of the fates"? "Can't" God govern His world? Do you, His creature, deny your Lordship's title? Can a dirty politician out God by some years of adverse possession? Is there a statute of limitations that binds God?

The strength of Fort "You Can't" is the vanity of "you." "Blessed are the MEER for they shall INHERIT the earth." "You" overestimate yourself in results. "You" exaggerate your immediate importance. To submit, obey, to endure; that is the trinity

Going Forward!

KAT PORTAGE.—Saturday night welcome meeting to Adj. Cass. Sunday, meetings led by the Adjutant and Capt. Hurst. Two Cadets farewelled on Wednesday for the Field—Reg. Cor.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—H. F. went off with a bang, smashed the target and sent the pieces to headquarters. (Good joke, Cuckoo—ed.) Junior musical drills were well appreciated.—Chico.

HUNTSVILLE.—Good meetings all day on Sunday. God came very near. Soldiers full of faith, and we rejoiced at the close of the day in seeing five precious souls kneeling at the Cross.—C. Patten.

LUNenburg, N. S.—Since last you heard from us we can report victory. God is with us. Smashed our H. F. target all to pieces. Crowds are getting better. Our Sunday night one precious soul got saved and is doing well.—A. Ritchie and J. Peckham.

RIDGE TOWN.—We had a visit from Major and Mrs. Southall on Monday evening, and in spite of the unpleasant weather, quite a large crowd assembled. Major spoke on "The greatest miracle of the world," and everybody enjoyed it immensely, also Mrs. Southall's address on "Side-lights." We say, "Come again. Major and Mrs. Southall."—Capt. Freeman.

NAPANEE.—Though for some time past the devil has tried in many ways to hinder our work, we are glad to report that God has come to our help. During the past few weeks twelve precious souls came to the Mercy Seat and sought salvation. Glory to God! We are expecting a good time on Wednesday when we will have with us D. O. Enslin Ward.—M. V.

ARNHEM.—We are glad to report victory. Our H. F. effort was a decided success, and we managed to hit our \$50 target with very little difficulty. Praise God! Our Juniors came to the front, and led on by Sergt. Major Combs, gave us a proper wind up in the form of a jubilee which was much appreciated by all.—E. Mingo and A. O'Neill, Capt.

BLENHEIM.—Thursday night we had Major and Mrs. Southall with us. This is their fourth visit within a year. Mrs. Southall gave us an interesting talk on the Royal Work, giving instances of remarkable conversions. Capt. Freeman rendered valuable assistance. Everybody delighted with the Major's witty sayings. Captain Dowell is lending on the forces here. Good meetings Saturday and Sunday.—Jna. Groom.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt.—The officers and soldiers of this corps had a picnic at Mr. Goudich's farm, St. Johnsbury Centre. The rain preventing outside meetings, we held a meeting in the house. Mrs. Ensign Sims of Sherbrooke, and Capt. Banks of Newport, led the meeting. Mr. Goudich served a chicken dinner, coffee, ice cream, etc., the comrades bringing cake and candy with them. We had a glorious time.—E. B. J., R. C.

OTTAWA.—Our H. F. target is all O. K. We have had some wonderful meetings in connection with H. F. We have had a Junior Jubilee, Band Man

Osmann favored us with a magic lantern service followed by a special service entitled, "The opening of seven sealed packets by seven prophets and prophetesses," which proved to be very interesting. God has so blessed these meetings that some have sought His face, finding pardon at His feet, and taking their stand for God in the Army. Capt. O'Neill has been with us. We were glad to greet her again.—Sergt. French.

DILLON, Mont.—We are not dead, though it is quite a while since you have heard from us. (Shame—ed.) We haven't many soldiers, but they are a beautiful lot. Ensign May has gone for a few weeks' rest. We smashed our H. F. target before she left. We believe God's Spirit is working here. He does not always let us see the result of our work, but praise God, we can trust Him just the same.—Lieut. Jessie E. Long.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt.—We received a visit from Ensign Sims and Capt. Banks. Local Officers were commended and recruits enrolled. J. S. Merchant came seven miles and S. Merchant came five miles to be present at knee-drill. We smashed the H. F. target all to pieces. Soldiers and officers united. Souls are being saved. Victory all the way. We mean to have the banner corps in the State. (Success to you.—Ed.)—E. B. Story.

LEWISTON, Idaho.—Praise God our hall is again opened up, and though the attendance was very small at our first meeting last Saturday night, things have lived up since then. Lewiston people love the Army and were glad to see them in their home once more. Capt. Sheard, accompanied by his musical Lieutenant, has taken charge, and have already found a warm place in their hearts for the people of our beautiful city of Lewiston.—Capt. Sheard.

ANNAPOLIS.—Comrades still pushing on through thick and thin. Crowds increasing and growing interest. Praise God! Harvest Festival has been the theme for the last two weeks, in which the officers and comrades toiled hard, which resulted in going over our target. Great credit is due to the sisters who helped in decorating. God bless them. Staff Capt. Taylor with us for the week-end. Meetings good, and one soul into the Fountain.—M. R. B. C.

ST. GEORGE'S.—God is still blessing us. Adj. and Mrs. Miller with us on Thursday night. We had eight recruits enrolled under the good old Army flag. We sang altogether with our right hand uplifted, "I'll be true Lord, to Thee." Three backsliders came back during the week's meetings. One brother, Pilot Virtue, got driven to sea in the Pilot Boat St. George, on Monday night, and was gone almost two days. All the comrades offered up prayers for him and his crew. On Wednesday morning the glad news that the St. George was seen caused rejoicing to all. They were none the worse for their voyage, except they were a little hungry.—R. S., C. C.

Later.—One of the worst storms that ever visited Bermuda was on Sept. 12th and 13th, 1899, causing a large amount of damage.—R. S., C. C.



LIEUT. EDWARDS,
Brooklin,
Ont.

BRO.
OLIVER
CARPENTER
Orangeville,
Ont.



PALMERSTON.—My dear Mr. Editor, according to my promise I am writing a few lines to let you know how we came off with our H. F. Well, I am pleased to say that three corps out of four in this District hit their targets, namely, Wingham, Listowel and the Juniors. Drayton came a little under. Those who won the prizes for collecting are as follows: Sergt. Major Plant, of Wingham, 1st prize; Miss McTavish (Methodist), of Wingham, 2nd prize; Sec. May, of Drayton, 3rd prize. Stephen Durrant the Hallelujah H. F. Pilot, made himself very useful indeed. He spent a number of days in driving the officers out in the country, and he even volunteered to come and help us two days at Palmerston. Of course Stephen received a prize. Some of the Juniors did well. Bertha Bennett, of Listowel, collected \$5.00, and took the 1st prize among the Juniors. May bless all those who assisted in the H. F. effort.—Ensign V. Orchard.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—Our H. F. is over and we have had victory right through the piece. Our target of \$78 was smashed, and we reached the nice little sum of \$95. It was a most blessed time for us soldiers, and our officers have testified that it was the best H. F. they ever spent. The people have been and always are exceptionally kind to the S. A. The Harvest March on Friday night was a complete success. The procession was headed by the writer in special uniform driving a raking machine, followed by officers and soldiers in special uniform carrying torches, flags, pitchforks, sheaves of barley, oats, etc. Immense crowds lined the street and cheer after cheer went up for the Salvation Army. The Glensers' Meeting inside was very impressive, and the action since after was enough to cheer the heart of every worker to have the prices those boys voluntarily gave for the articles we had to sell. How many auctioneers got \$1.10 for a common print apron, or \$2.40 for a match-holder, worth probably 50 cts. On Saturday night we had our H. F. supper, and on Sunday night we had our H. F. effort, and the infant son of Sergt. Major and Mrs. McPherson was dedicated to God and the S. A. In the prayer meeting one young man volunteered out and gave himself to God. We have learned one thing from our H. F. effort, the S. A. is all right in Glace Bay. One gentleman gave Ensign Larler a cheque for \$5 and told him not to be afraid to come back when he wanted more.—J. T. McPherson, Sergt. Major.

OPINIONS

ABOUT

"The Life of John Read."

Extracts from Letters Received by Mrs. Read, and Reviews of the Press.

Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Barre, Vt., says: "Many thanks for the book you so kindly sent me, giving such a loving, loyal biography of your late and much-loved husband. I have read it with great interest, and I am sure, personal profit. No one can come in contact with such a life of devotion and zeal for God and man without being better for it. The book will do immense good, for by it he, being dead, yet speaketh. You have accomplished your task well, and the construction and style it is excellent and throughout carries the reader's interest and sympathy."

Judge Frowse, of St. Johns, author of Newfoundland History, writes: "I have been very much interested in your book. It is far more than the tribute of a devoted wife to the memory of a dearly loved husband. Incidentally it is an admirable sketch of the work of your great organization. A history of the work of its later life. The most pre-judiced must agree that it has been a marvelous success. Of all the workers in the Salvation Army there was none more devoted to the Master's service. He literally wore himself out. The memory of such a blessed life will always be a Divine consolation to you."

Rev. Dr. Morgan Wood, Toronto, says: "I have glanced over the pages, and have read enough to convince me of the genuine merit of the volume: Nothing touches and influences character more quickly than biography, and the records of useful lives cannot help but do so. Such a life evidently John Read lived, and the reading of that life will undoubtedly make a deep impression upon anyone. I wish for it a large circulation, because of the message it contains."

Rev. Dr. Withrow, giving a review in the Methodist Magazine, writes: "The story of a good man's life is better than volumes of didactic teaching—one is teaching by example, the other by precept. John Read's life-story is told with loving tenderness, and cannot fail to be an inspiration to increased devotion in the service of our common Master and Lord."

Our Pilot—Which?

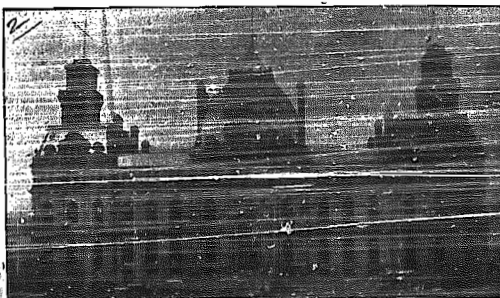
Closed-reed we sail down the stream of life.
The wind and waves they buffet us at will,
Yet each life stronger grow in noble strife.
To make the entrance of our haven still.
Each life-boat bears upon the flood but one.
The human soul, that battles strong, is one.
The other is the Pilot, false or true,
Soul-chosen, either Satan or God's Son.
—A. J. McDougall, in S. S. Times.

Buys Needed.

We noticed a strange-looking object bobbing up and down in the water, and was told that it was a buoy, which was dead there as a sign that shallow water was near, upon which ships would be stranded if they neglected to heed the warnings of this silent minister. So all along the Ocean of Life some buoys are needed, lest believers be stranded where thousands are ready perishing in the shallow waters of worldliness, where church fairs, festivals and fund-raising and worldly fraternities abound. Every minister of the Gospel who compromises along these lines, and is being used of the devil to strand the ship in these shallow places, is accountable for the wreckage which thus is caused.—W. Knapp.

A YOUNG CONRADE PROMOTED.

One of our dear young friends has left us for the Home where there is no night. Annie Morris, at the early age of 21, after a short illness, went to be with Jesus. She died in the States and was brought here to be laid beside her loved ones. While I was stationed here 11 years ago, Annie was a bright Junior Soldier, and used to speak and sing for Jesus. She lived a sweet life and has left an impression on her friends which cheers them in their sorrow. We pray that her death may be the spiritual life of many.—Ensign Wright, Chatham.



St. John, N.B. Custom House.

HUSTLERS' * RENDEZVOUS.

The Eastern Star in a Blaze of Glory!

THE RECORD ALMOST BROKEN.

Arab's Bones Bleaching in the Sun.

MAJOR SOUTHAL NOT DEAD, BUT GONE UNDER.

A Word of Praise for Nigger and Arab!

ENTER, PORT SIMPSON!

Notes by Ernest Enterprise.

We breathe freely. Major Southal, we understand, is not dead. He stepped cautiously into an inclusive Railway Car, and was carried with the speed of triple geared lightning to the dark depths of despair and defeat. Any news of his re-appearance will be thankfully received.

Ah, Major R. O. Pickering, we stake our reputation on you. Oh, how we love you! Words cannot express the depth of our affection. Say, ain't this a glorious country for booming the War Cry? You'd better believe it. You 110 Hustlers this week fairly lifted us off our feet. Oh, why couldn't you make it 111, and beat the record?

I'm taking back all I ever said about Nigger. It took me to think it will be politic to cultivate once more the favor of the aforesaid steed. To be two boomers ahead of West Ontario is not to be sneezed at.

Mag. of Montreal fame, stands to wit some day. Here's a tip to the whole field. Watch Mag. If steady, consistent, hard, plodding work will get there, then again I say, "Watch Mag." Major Hargrave has lifted East Ontario to the top. Mag. every morning find their way to the Atlantic Chambers, Montreal, where the honorable P. O. watches over the E. O. P. Field.

Port Simpson boomers, I welcome you to the position of members of the War Cry League. We are glad to hear from you, and to notice that already two of your never-give-in sisters are hustlers. Let the old chariot roll on, and get more to help push it, if you please. Bravo, Bob Smith!

A few Newfoundland corps are rising. St. Johns slum corps takes 15 extra, Greenspond 10, Dildo, Old Perle and Little Bay 5 each. Alas, one or two others drop some. My, oh, me! How it makes my pen run cold!

Here are a few clippings from this week's mail:

"A Cry is left each week with the Roman Catholic Priest here, and he says he enjoys reading it."—F. Bloss, Ensign, Skagway.

On Saturday night, after our usual meet in the hall and inside, we returned to open-air fighting, and a ring of War Crys. We made three stands to large crowds, and succeeded in selling about one hundred. The Spirit of the Lord seemed to rest upon the people, and we have much good was accomplished through this night-luck.—Treas. Gashin, Halifax I.

(What a blint to some corps who don't sell out! I wonder did they ever try the above plan?)

"The Captain had quite an experience in War Cry selling. He called at a farm where the men were thrashing, and asked a man who was looking for a boy a Cry. He said, 'Yes, if you will go and feed the livestock for a while.' I would not do it at first, but when he proposed to sell all my Crys if I would do it, I gladly consented, and as a result got 25c for the five Crys, and so Mr. George E. Fee, Esq., of Hightgate, had a new experience, that of War Cry selling."—Capt. H. Freeman, Ridgeway.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

110 Hustlers.

P. S. M. Minnie Smith, Windsor	108
Sergt. Major Flood, Hamilton, Ber	150
Adj. Byers, New Glasgow	110
Mrs. Jennie Fraser, Annapolis	110
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	110
Bandsman Kelly, St. George's	100
Sergt. E. White, Campbellton	98
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	98
Cadet A. Murchough, St. John	91
Cadet Wyatt, St. John I.	85
Louise Rogers, St. John III.	75
Lieut. Mowbray, Sussex	68
Capt. Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	68
Capt. MacEachern, St. John II.	65
Lieut. True, Sackville	60
Capt. Chas. Allan, Kentville	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	60
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	60
Lieut. Melkie, Newcastle	59
Capt. Lamont, Halifax I.	56
Ensign Lander, Glace Bay	55
Lieut. Armstrong, North Head	55
Cadet E. Murchough, St. John I.	55
Bro. Proctor, Sydney	52
Capt. Tilley, Amherst	50
Lieut. Lebans, Amherst	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Capt. Farocher, Sydney	50
Capt. Goodwin, Calais	50
Lieut. Cowan, Calais	50
Capt. O. Clarke, St. Stephen	50
Lieut. M. Gray, Springfield	50
Secretary Chas. Hill, Woodstock	46
Mrs. Fyne, North Sydney	46
Capt. Pittman, Westville	45
Vene Lebans, Fredericton	45
Annie Hamey, Bridgetown	44
Ellen Hamey, Bridgetown	44
Capt. J. Green, Sydney	42
Sergt. J. Irone, Windsor	42
Lieut. Pemberton, St. John II.	42
Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, Fredericton	40
Ensign Fraser, Houlton	40
Capt. Kuglitz, Woodstock	40
Lizzie Jones, St. John III.	40
Gladys Blakeley, Springfield	40
Lillian Santen, Hamilton, Ber.	39
Ensign Wright, Chatham	38
Lieut. McLeod, Westville	38
Mrs. Stacey, North Sydney	36
Capt. Perry, North Sydney	35
Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow	35
Sergt. Lodge, Hamilton, Ber.	35
Sergt. Maybe, Charlottetown	34
Mrs. Fred Pettis, New Glasgow	33
Mrs. Ensign Lander, Glace Bay	33
Lieut. Smith, Houlton	31
Capt. Percy, Houlton	31
Adj. McNamara, Charlottetown	30
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	30
Sergt. Fisher, Halifax I.	30
Lieut. M. Netting, Canning	30
Lieut. Dunlop, Annapolis	30
Fanny Adams, St. John V.	30
Lieut. Smith, Houlton	30
Lieut. Tudge, Fredericton	30
Bessie Hargrove, North Sydney	30
Sergt. Simpson, Hamilton, Ber.	30
Place Hamilton, Ber.	30
Sergt. Salter, Hamilton, Ber.	30
Sergt. Wade, Hamilton, Ber.	30
Sergt. Dunkley, Hamilton, Ber.	30
Lieut. Ebbary, Houlton	29
Lieut. Bell, Houlton	29
Sergt. Warren, Houlton	27
Mother England, Chatham	27
Susie Holden, Windsor	27
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen	27
Sergt. East, Houlton	27
Bessie Sharpham, Windsor	25
Sergt. Warren, Houlton	25
Sister Blatch, Charlottetown	25
Mrs. Maggie Aldrich, New Glas	25
Mrs. Squire, Springfield	25
Maud Wilson, Halifax I.	25
Cadet Jones, St. John I.	25
Capt. Fane, Hillsboro	25
Lieut. Brown, Houlton	25
Sister Mosher, Carleton	25
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Sister Gillis, Carleton	24
Capt. England, Sussex	24
Cand. L. Lebans, Fredericton	24
Ellie Robinson, Annapolis	23
Annie Moorehouse, Annapolis	22
Adj. McGillivray, Fredericton	22
Cadet Iruphar, St. John V.	22
Mrs. Young, Fredericton	21
Cadet Latam, St. John V.	21
Mrs. Curnew, New Glasgow	21
Sergt. Plolich, Sydney	20
Chas. Ray, Moncton	20
Joe. Taylor, Lubberton	20
Edith Moore, Annapolis	20
Cand. McLellan, New Glasgow	20
Bessie J. R. Miller, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Mrs. Bently, Fredericton	20

Capt. Doyle, Sydney Mines	20
Sister Vickers, Sydney Mines	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Hustlers.

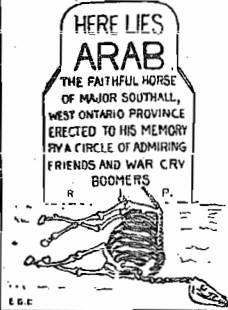
Sister Pence, Temple	60
Capt. Wilson, Collingwood	59
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	59
Lieut. Howcroft, Owen Sound	59
Sister Mrs. Brown, Hamilton I.	74
Sister Mrs. Lightheart, Hamilton I.	70
Capt. W. White, Oshawa	62
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	62
Capt. Nelson, Richmond St.	60
Capt. Poole, Dovercourt	60
Cant. Brant, Little Canada	59
Cadet Malisey, West Toronto	55
Sister Mrs. Tamm	55
Lieut. Edwards, Little Current	55
Cadet Croser, West Toronto	51
Lieut. Trickey, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Gammage, North Bay	50
Lieut. Huskinson, North Bay	50
Bro. Boyer, Bracebridge	46
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury	45
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury	45
Capt. Bowers, Meaford	45
Cadet Malisey, Lippincott	45
Capt. Hanna, Parry Sound	45
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	44
Sergt. Mrs. Bowser, Niagara	44
Cadet Turner, Oshawa	43
Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Bracebridge	43
Sister Mrs. Fraser, Hamilton	43
Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	40
Lieut. Craig, Orillia	36
Bro. Dixon, Temple	35
Lieut. Stickle, Meaford	35
Sister Mrs. Galt, Hamilton	35
Sister Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	34
Treas. Mrs. Kittingback, Lindsay	34



P. S.-M. J. Beall.

Who has charge of the noted St. Catharines War Cry Brigade.

P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	32
Capt. Rose, Yorkville	30
Capt. Reanne, Orillia	30
Lieut. Barker, Dundas	30
Lieut. Pattenden, Huntsville	30
Sister L. Pattenden, Huntsville	30
Capt. Capper, Brooklyn	30
Capt. Lott, Omemee	30
Sergt. Mainland, Aurora	30
Capt. Dales, Albion Harbor	30
T. Sherward, Collingwood	30
Capt. Charlton, Lindsay	30
S. M. Mrs. Tuck, Ligar	29
Cadet Reynolds, Lippincott	29
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton II.	28
Lieut. Young, Kilmount	28
Lieut. Jackson, Orangeville	27
Capt. McCann, Midland	27
Sergt. Hope, Midland	27
Capt. Redburn, Riverside	27
Sergt. Emily Howell, Riverside	25
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	25
Capt. Capt. Hanna, Parry Sound	25
Sister Pence, Temple	25
Capt. Wiseman, Hamilton	25
Lieut. Titus, St. Catharines	25
Capt. Kivell, Dundas	25
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott	24
Capt. Cooper, Brantford	23
Capt. Mitchell, Brantford	23
Cadet McEwan, Lippincott	23
S.-M. Courtemanche, Norland	22
Lieut. Richards, St. Catharines	22
Lieut. B. Calvert, Uxbridge	22
Sergt. Brown, Huntsville	21
Ucle George Stanton, Hamilton I.	21
Father Curry, Hamilton II.	21
Capt. Clark, Hamilton II.	20
Lieut. Bond, Hamilton I.	20
Sister Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.	20
Ensign Wynn, Riverside	20
Cadet Peacock, Lippincott	20
Cadet Croser, Lippincott	20
Sister Griffith, Temple	20
Bro. John Smith, Lindsay	20
Sister Pearce, Richmond St.	20
Sister Perkins, Owen Sound	20
Bro. Dault, Sudbury	20
Capt. White, Oshawa	20
Sister Mrs. May, Bracebridge	20
Sister Mrs. Jarvis, Orillia	20
Lieut. Creks, Aurora	20
Capt. Wicks, Gravelhurst	20



WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

Capt. Carr, Brantford	183
Lieut. Knuckie, Stratford	156
Adj. Blackwell, Windsor	150
Sergt. Yemmus, Chatham	130
Capt. Clark, London	115
Capt. Coe, Sarnia	105
Mrs. Capt. Keeler, St. Thomas	100
Cand. Hunter, Niagara	100
Lieut. Ringler, Petrolia	100
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Galt	95
Lieut. Kitchen, Woodstock	93
Cand. Carley, Ridgeway	90
Capt. Sitzer, Dresden	75
Capt. Burrows, Chatham	75
Lieut. Hockin, Wallaceburg	72
Lieut. Horwood, Goderich	70
Sergt. Major McDougall, Goderich	70
Capt. Green, Simcoe	67
Capt. Hoddinot, Stratford	65
Ensign Gamble, Woodstock	65
Sergt. Major Dearling, Hespeler	62
Capt. Hancock, Guelph	60
Lieut. Cook, Listowel	59
Mrs. McQuinn, Hensheim	58
Sister Schuler, Paris	55
Capt. McLeod, Galt	55
S.-M. Mrs. Reek, Chatham	54
Lieut. Alunford, Woodstock	52
Sergt. Major Mrs. Scott, Guelph	50
Audita Wright, Ingersoll	50
Sister F. Erb, Berlin	50
Sister Cooper, St. Thomas	50
Lieut. Crank, Bothwell	50
Lieut. Jordon, Leamington	50
Adj. McManis, London	50
Lieut. Fyfe, London	50
Sister Schuster, Berlin	50
Lieut. Crawford, Wingham	50
Sister J. Whales, Leamington	45
Sister Bessie McKenzie, Clinton	45
Capt. Fynn, Dresden	45
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg	45
Sergt. Major Rose, Hespeler	49
Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway	40
Capt. Howcroft, Berlin	40
Sister L. Galt, Hamilton	40
Mrs. Adj. McFarlane, Brantford	37
Capt. Capt. Coy, Essex	35
Treas. Mrs. Graham, Thamesville	35
Capt. Rees, Norwich	35
Mrs. Ad. Blackburn, Windsor	33
Mrs. Smith, Woodstock	31
Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	31
Sergt. F. Palmer, London	30
Capt. Jarvis, Theford	30
Bro. Williams, Tilsonburg	30
Corps Cadet Jackson, London	28
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	28
Mother Cutting, Essex	28
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	27
Bro. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
P. S. M. Mrs. J. H. Ingersoll	25
Bro. Christler, Dresden	25
Lieut. Stickle, Berlin	25
Sister McQueen, London	21
Cand. Quick, Stratford	23
P. S. M. Mrs. J. H. Windsor	23
Capt. Liston, Bayfield	21
Capt. Mathers, Listowel	22
Sister Copp, Seaford	24
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston	20
Bro. Munro, Exeter	20
Sergt. Mrs. Jarvis, Ingersoll	20
Sister B. Crawford, Paris	20
Mrs. Melroy, St. Thomas	20
Lieut. Hart, St. Thomas	20
Mr. Emery, St. Thomas	20
Wille, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg	20
Sister A. Hitts, Hensheim	20
Adj. McFarlane, Brantford	20
Capt. Copman, Watford	20
Sergt. Al. Mitchell	20
Capt. Hunter, Metchin	20
Sister M. Christler, London	20
Capt. Haley, Paris	20
Sister R. Melton, Stratford	20
Lieut. Winters, Stratford	20
Lieut. Hanna, Youngling	20
Mrs. Smith, Tilsonburg	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

Capt. McNaney, Ottawa	225
Sergt. Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	115
Capt. Williams, St. Albans	103
Gauet Hicks, St. Albans	105
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	109
Capt. Connors, Belleville	100
Sergt-Major Perkins, Barre	100
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	95
Capt. Woods, Deseronto	83
Capt. Downey, Montreal II.	85
Capt. Magee, Arnprior	80
Capt. Crego, Brockville	75
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV.	75
Sergt-Major Simons, Kingston	70
Capt. Dawson, St. Johnsbury	70
Capt. Brown, Burlington	70
Capt. Randall, Renfrew	70
Lieut. Fitcher, Pembroke	70
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	68
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	65
Capt. Stanforth, Cornwall	65
Capt. Owen, Gananoque	65
Mrs. Esau Sims, Sherbrooke	65
Lieut. Almark, Platon	60
Capt. Green, Platon	60
Lieut. Carter, Coteau	59
Sister Smith, Peterboro	59
Lieut. Hickman, Napanee	58
Lieut. Yandaw, Kingston	56
Cadet Weir, Gananoque	54
Capt. Burchell, Belleville	53
Sister Simpson, Brockville	52
Ensign Kendall, Quebec	52
Ensign Ward, Kingston	51
Sergt-Major Mattice, Cornwall	50
Capt. Crego, Odessa	50
Capt. Banks, Newport	50
Capt. Bloss, Prescott	50
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	50
Capt. Grose, Trenton	48
Capt. Yake, Napanee	47
Capt. Michiel, Kingston	47
Sister Pearson, Montreal I.	45
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	45
Sister Laborer, Perth	43
Mrs. Capt. Brindley, Cobourg	42
Capt. Brindley, Cobourg	40
McKen Wilson, Kempsville	40
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	40
Lieut. Carter, Bloomfield	40
Lieut. Cook, St. Johnsbury	38
Bro. Jordan, St. Johnsbury (av. 2 wks)	39
Lieut. Norman, Belton	35
Capt. Vance, Port Hope	35
Capt. Patten, Pearson	32
Sister Brown, Montreal I.	32
Capt. Yake, Kingston	30
Capt. Jack, Millbrook	30
Lieut. Liddell, Millbrook	30
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	29
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	23
Capt. Bearchell, Tweed	27
Mark Spenceley, Peterboro	26
Gertie Rice, Peterboro	25
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	25
Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke	25
Mrs. Capt. Bearchell, Tweed	25
Bro. Phillips, Danvers	25
Mrs. Capt. Green, Peterboro	25
Sergt-Major Proctor, St. Johnsbury	25
Adj. Godwin, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	25
Sergt. Grant, Kempsville	24
Ensign Pyl, Perth	23
Lieut. Ash, Prescott	23
Capt. Finley, Sunbury	23
Mrs. Hippin, Montreal II.	23
Sergt. Cogan, Kingston	23
Cadet Chisley, Kingston	23
Sister Nicholson, Montreal I.	23
Sister Smith, Montreal I.	23
Ensign Yen, Montreal III.	23
Sergt. Merdant, St. Johnsbury	23
Mrs. Green-Peterboro	23
Bro. Newell-Barre	23
Bro. King, Ke	23
Bro. White-Barre	23
Harry Walk Barre	23
Ensign Wall, Barre	23
Sister Bloss-Barre	23

NORTHEAST PROVINCE.

Hustlers.

Capt. Keam, Minnesota	31
Cadet Giles, Winnipeg	31
Lieut. E. Cue, Winnipeg	31
Lieut. E. Andon, Jamestown	31
Sister A. Coo, Fargo	31
Mrs. Adj. Burdett, Fargo	31
Capt. W. Scott, Selkirk	31
Capt. Bauson, Fargo	31
Lieut. Russell, Fargo	31
Lieut. Forsberg, William	31
Capt. Lloyd, Lake	31
Capt. Heath, Sk	31
Capt. Clarke, on	31
Cadet McLeod, Albert	31
Cadet Ferguson, inot	31
Ensign Burton, Gary	31
Cadet McLeod,ipeg	31
Mrs. Kelley, Pa	31
Cadet Nuttall,ipeg	31
Cadet Gamble, Portage	31
Sister Gamble, Portage	31
Capt. Livingston, William	31
Lieut. Cook, Da	31
Capt. Myers, Eden	31

Lieut. Potter, Edmonton	35
Ensign Taylor, Regina	30
Capt. Woodworth, Carberry	30
Capt. Hurst, Rat Portage	29
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	29
Ensign E. Hayes, Brandon	28
Sergt. Reece, Neepawa	27
Lieut. Kreiger, Minnedosa	27
Capt. McKay, Jamestown	26
Capt. Mercer, Lisbon	25
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks	25
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	25
Capt. Clarke, Virden	25
Lieut. Bland, Bismarck	25
Sergt. Johanson, Winnipeg	22
Lieut. Embertson, Emerson	22
Lieut. Hangan, Moorhead	21
Sister A. Hart, Grand Forks	21
Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	20
Capt. Glover, Lisbon	20
Capt. Hammond, Larimore	20
Lieut. Draper, Larimore	20
Cadet Hall, Rat Portage	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

43 Hustlers.

Sister Smith, Rossland	224
Cadet Johnson, Spokane	131
Sister M. Lewis, Victoria	110
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Lewiston	105
Capt. Walruth, Billings	104
Lieut. Floyd, Missoula	96
Adj. Woodruff, Nelson	90
Lieut. Betts, New Westminster	80

Bro. Nixen, Rossland	25
Capt. Miller, Sheridan	25
Cnd. Stork, Sheridan	25
Sister Curtis, Mt. Vernon	20
Cadet Laughlin, Mt. Vernon	20
Sister L. Cowie, Nanaimo	20

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

3 Hustlers.

Lieut. Aiken, Dawson City	294
Ensign Bloss, Skagway	87
Sister Carnahan, Skagway	81

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

Leander Smart, Tilt Cove	77
Sergt. Seaward, Heart's Content	34
Capt. Moulton, Shear's Town	20

YORKVILLE. — "Hello, Yorkville, how are things up your way?" "Oh, all right." "Anything new stirring?" "Oh, yes; we are keeping right up-to-date." "Good! What have you been doing in particular?" "Oh, just turning things in general. In the way of good meetings and extra faith. We had a glorious time on Sunday night, enrolled four recruits, had one soul, and a glorious wind-up. Capt. French gave us a very soul-stirring talk on the words, 'He shall save His people from their sins.'" — R. C.

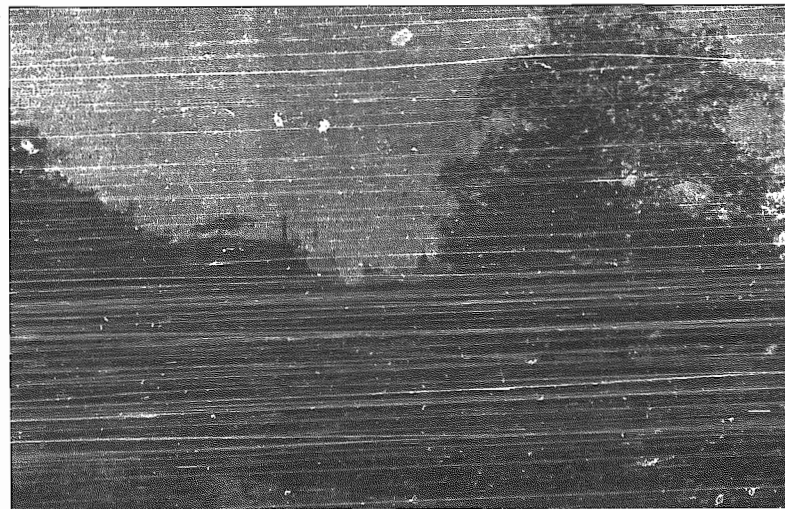
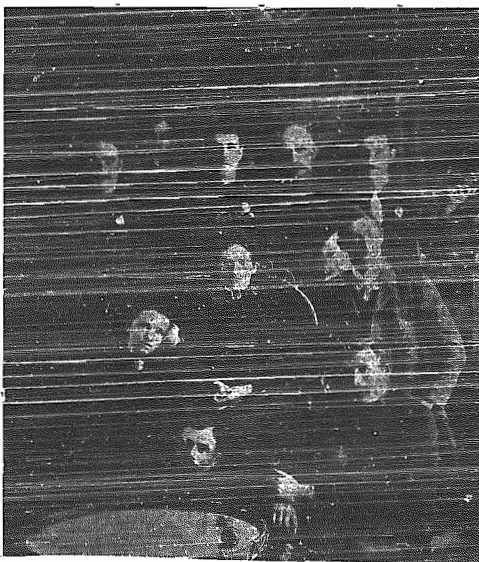


Railway Bridge over St. John River Fairville, N.B.

be done, we know. Times of refreshing were enjoyed yesterday. Anne yielded fully to the claims of God, and raised their hands for prayer, but we expect, by the Spirit, to make them pray for themselves — for Anne.

ST. JOHN'SBURY, VT. — H. F. once more is over. Our corps came off with flying colors. Our target was \$40. We smashed it all to pieces. Praise the Lord! The soldiers and friends worked hard to accomplish the same. Our champion collectors were outside friends. The unsaved husband of one of our soldiers, Mr. J. Goodrich, Esq., and his wife, between collecting and selling ice cream and cake, got upwards of \$10. Their target was \$2. We are hoping soon to see him saved and made into a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist. Our second champion, a Methodist friend, Mr. Walter E. Moffat, had a target of \$0. He is a hard worker in his church and in the Army. He is our snare-drummer. Third champion is Bro. O. Stimpson, reaching his target of \$4. This brother is becoming quite a War Cry hustler. We have some real good soldiers and friends here in St. Johnsbury. We are getting on well. Saturday night one backslider returned home to God, after eight years wandering in sin. — S. B. D., C. E. M.

VANCOUVER, B. C. — This past week has been one of great blessing in many ways. To give the week a good send-off, two souls came and sought pardon, and then, on Wednesday night, we had the pleasure of having Adj. McGill, one of the Klondike pioneers, lecture on "The Klondike," which was very interesting. He has served 11 years as a Salvation Army officer, and has at last come to the conclusion that two can fight better than one, so he is taking unto himself a—well, you will hear later what happened. Then on Friday night another of our comrades said good-bye to the corps and has gone out to fight in the field. May God bless him.



THE PAVILION, HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, TORONTO.

Songs for Saints and Sinners!

The Shepherd of Israel.

Tunes.—Thou Shepherd of Israel (B.J. 170, 3); Oh, speak (B.J. 202, 3); The reins of the beast (B.J. 32, 1); Rejoice in the Lord (B.J. 39, 2).

1 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where Thou art.
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

Ah, show me that happiest place—
The place of Thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
Or rise to be bid in Thy breast.
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

Saved from Sin.

Tune.—Take all my sins away (B.B. 53).

2 O spotless Lamb, I come to Thee,
No longer can I from Thee stay;
Break every chain, now set me
free,
Take all my sins away!

Chorus.

Take all my sins away!
Take all my sins away!
O spotless Lamb, I come to Thee—
Take all my sins away!

My hungry soul cries out for Thee,
Come and for ever seal my breast;
To Thy dear arms at last I flee,
There only can I rest.

Wearily I am of labored sin,
Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release?
Enter and make me pure within,
Give me Thy perfect peace.

I plunge beneath Thy precious Blood,
My head, in faith, takes hold of
Thee;

Thy promises just now I claim—
Thou art enough for me.

The Marchale.

The Call to War.

Tunes.—The Lion of Judah (B.B. 60, B.J. 80, 2); Fighting on (B.B. 25); Bonnie Dundee (S.); Stand like the brave (H.J. 241, 3).

3 God's trumpet is sounding, "To arms!" is the call,
More warriors are wanted to help on the war;
My King's in the battle, He's calling for me,
A Salvation Soldier for Jesus I'll be.

Chorus.

For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

(Another Chorus.)

Stand like the brave,
Stand like the brave,
Stand like the brave,
With thy face to the foe.

On land and on water my colors I'll show,
Through ten thousand battles with Jesus I'll go;
In danger I'm certain He'll take care of me,
His Blood-and-Fire Soldier for ever I'll be.

When foes persecute me I'll not be dismayed,
Sin, death, hell and fiends shall not make me afraid;
From fearing and doubting I'm fully set free,
A Salvation Soldier for ever I'll be.

I'll fight till the last with the Lord's sword and shield,
And count it no honor to die on the field;
In death and the grave there is victory for me,
A Salvation Soldier in Glory I'll be.

The war will go on till the world is possessed,
The Salvation Army Jehovah has blessed;
More heroes of faith on the roll we shall see—
The Salvation Army's the army for me.

Never Run Away.

Tune.—Never run away (B.B. 20, 2, B.J. 76, 1).

4 To save the world is our desire,
For enemies we pray;
We'll never tire, we'll stand the fire,
We'll never, never run away!

Chorus.

We're marching on to conquer all,
Before our God the world shall fall;
We'll face the foe, to battle go,
And never, never run away!
What, never run away?
No, never run away!
We'll face the foe, to battle go,
And never, never run away!

Sin's greatest strongholds we'll attack,
Our Captain we'll obey;
The foe shall yet be driven back,
We'll never, never run away!

With holy might the foe we'll smite,
The monster Sin to slay;
For God we'll fight, we know we're right,
We'll never, never run away!

Outward we'll march with flag unfurled,
Jesus shall have the way;
Like Him Who died to save the world,
We'll never, never run away!

Sinners Invited.

Tunes.—Hark, the voice (B.J. 51, 1); Helmsley (B.J. 147, 2); I love Jesus (B.J. 128, 3); Guide me, Great Jehovah (B.J. 121, 1).

6 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Braised and ruined by the Fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the Garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies:
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

Hops for All.

Tunes.—Stand up, stand up for Jesus (B.J. 23, 2); Sweet rest in heaven (B.J. 174, 2); Missionary (B.J. 251, 2).

6 There's hope for every sinner in
Jesus Christ, the Lord;
There's pardon for the guilty—the
promised in His Word.

So none need go despairing, Christ has
salvation made;
He used the chains of justice, our sins
were on Him laid.

Chorus.

(Repeat last two lines.)

He loves the very vilest, He'll cleanse
the most depraved;
His Blood is never failing, for thou-
sands it has saved.
Oh, why remain unpardoned and wan-
der on in sin,
When Calvary's stream is flowing and
you may plunge therein?

Yes, even for backsliders there's wel-
come back to God,
There's healing and forgiveness in
Jesus' precious Blood.
Oh, make another venture, down at
His footstool bow.
His arms, His kiss will reach you, and
He'll restore you now.
Lionel Kingston, Ensign.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We earnestly request you to take part of
the globe; befriended and, as far as possible, seek
wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty.
Address Commissioner E. C. Booth, 10 Albert
St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope.
Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray ex-
penses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look
regularly through this column to notify the
Commissioner if they are able to give any information
about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

BANKER, JOHN, of Corries, Scot-
land. Druggist. Left Scotland 30
years ago. Last heard of in Whitby.
One of the best of character in his ad-
vantage from Donald MacDonald, bak-
er. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DONNINGTON, GEORGE. Age 42
years, height 5 ft. 6 in., grey eyes, oval
face, medium build, freckled complexion,
scar on the back of left hand. Last
heard of in the town of New Brunswick.
May have come from Klondike. Sister
enquiries. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LUKEY, REYNOLD S. Wanted. In-
formation respecting an elderly gen-
tleman, called (Reynolds) LUKEY.
Reported owner of a gold mine or
claim. Believed to have died 14 years
ago, leaving a large fortune in the
gold mines of America. Had no wife
or children. Any information respect-
ing the above will be thankfully re-
ceived by Commissioner E. C. Booth.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WARD, HENRY. English, height 5
ft. 8 in., dark complexion, left foot
turns outward when walking, brown
hair, grey eyes, 50 years of age. Has
not been heard of for 20 years. In
1879 or 1880 he was at Haddington
Hill Sheep Station, New South Wales,
Australia, cooking for the hut, and
well-sinking for a settler. News of
interest awaits him. Address Enquiry,
Toronto.

(2nd Insertion.)

HARDCASTLE, WILIE. Age 29.
Last heard of seven years ago in the
Canadian Mounted force, at Winni-
peg. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DRAPER, JANE MORRIS. Last known address, Halifax, Canada.
Sister Mary Bonnyquires.

CHRISTMAS, CHA. Age 23,
fair hair, blue eyes. Last known ad-
dress c/o Mrs. F. R. 35 Prospect
St., Toronto. Address Enquiry, To-
ronto.

TYRMAN, LIZZ. Formerly lived in
Buffalo. Age 27 years. Ex-
ceptionally tall, dark hair and eyes.

SLENDER, K. Write Dolly, 40
Maple St., Winnipeg. All will be well.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

REED, WILLY. About 5 ft. 9
in. in height, dark hair and thin.
Blacklayer. Last of in Spokane.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

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